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Saturday Review

MARCH 20, 1954 / 20¢

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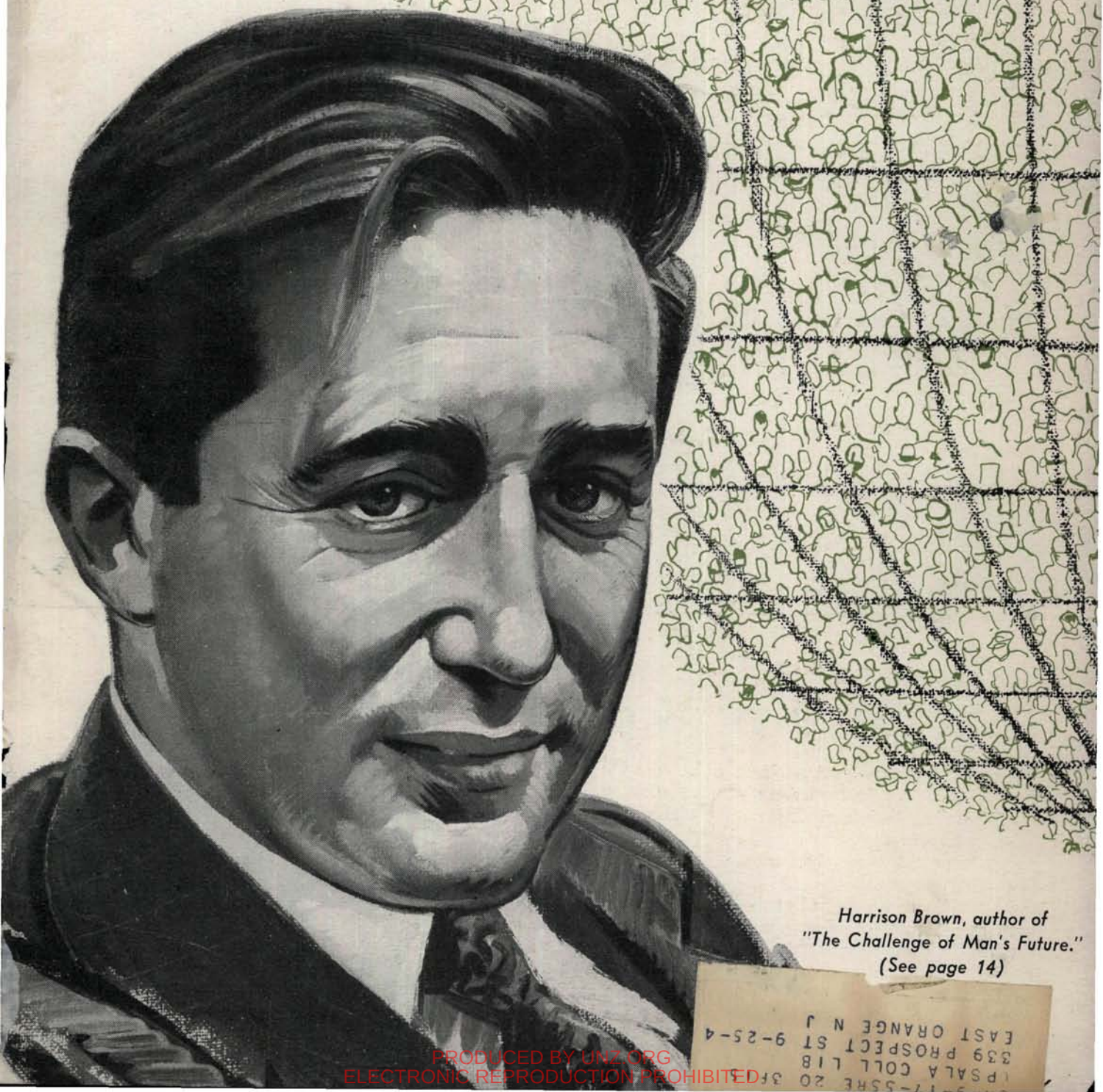
BIOGRAPHERS ARE ONLY HUMAN

By John A. Garraty



Harrison Brown, author of "The Challenge of Man's Future." (See page 14)

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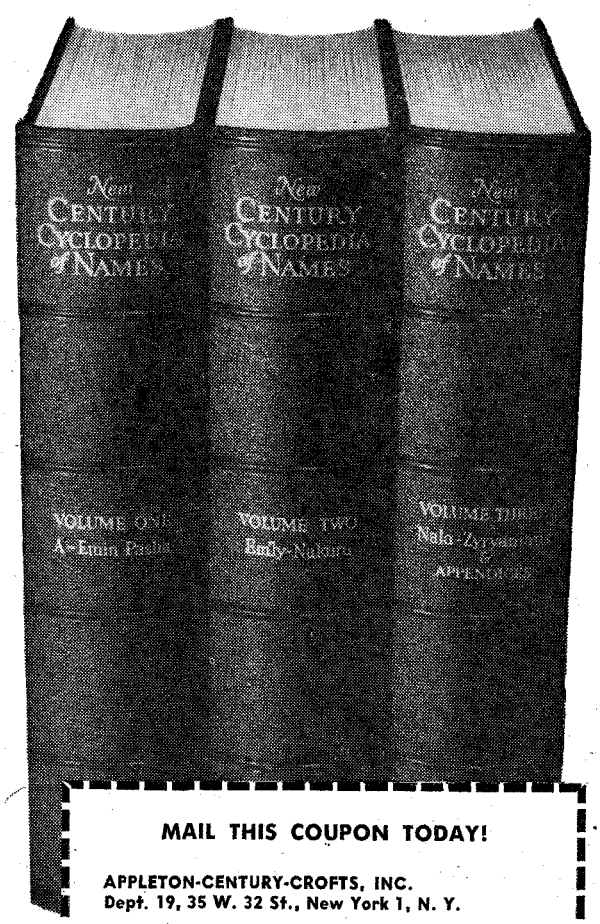

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MARCH 20, 1954

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SR's Library Poll

MESSRS. Shellabarger and Yerby, now on their seasonal tour of *SR*'s poll, long ago proved that farthingales, cuirasses, and leg-o'-mutton sleeves are more provocative and romantic than hydrogen bombs, gas stations, or Central Park. The question is: What are the details of modern life colorful enough for the historical novelist a few centuries hence? Is the fraternity doomed?

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **Life Is Worth Living**
   by Fulton J. Sheen (G)**
3. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)
4. **Lord Vanity**
   by Samuel Shellabarger (F)
5. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
6. **Battle Cry**
   by Leon Uris (F)
7. **Sayonara**
   by James A. Michener (F)
8. **The Conquest of Everest**
   by John Hunt (G)
9. **Tomorrow!**
   by Philip Wylie (F)
10. **The Second Tree from the Corner**
    by E. B. White (G)
11. **The Devil's Laughter**
    by Frank Yerby (F)
12. **The Doctors**
    by André Soubiran (F)
13. **Ambassador's Report**
    by Chester Bowles (G)
14. **Flying Saucers from Outer Space**
    by D. E. Keyhoe (G)
15. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)
16. **Fire in the Ashes**
    by Theodore H. White (G)
17. **From Here to Eternity**
    by James Jones (F)
18. **The Adventures of Augie March**
    by Saul Bellow (F)
19. **A House Is Not a Home**
    by Polly Adler (G)
20. **Gone With the Windsors**
    by Iles Brody (G)

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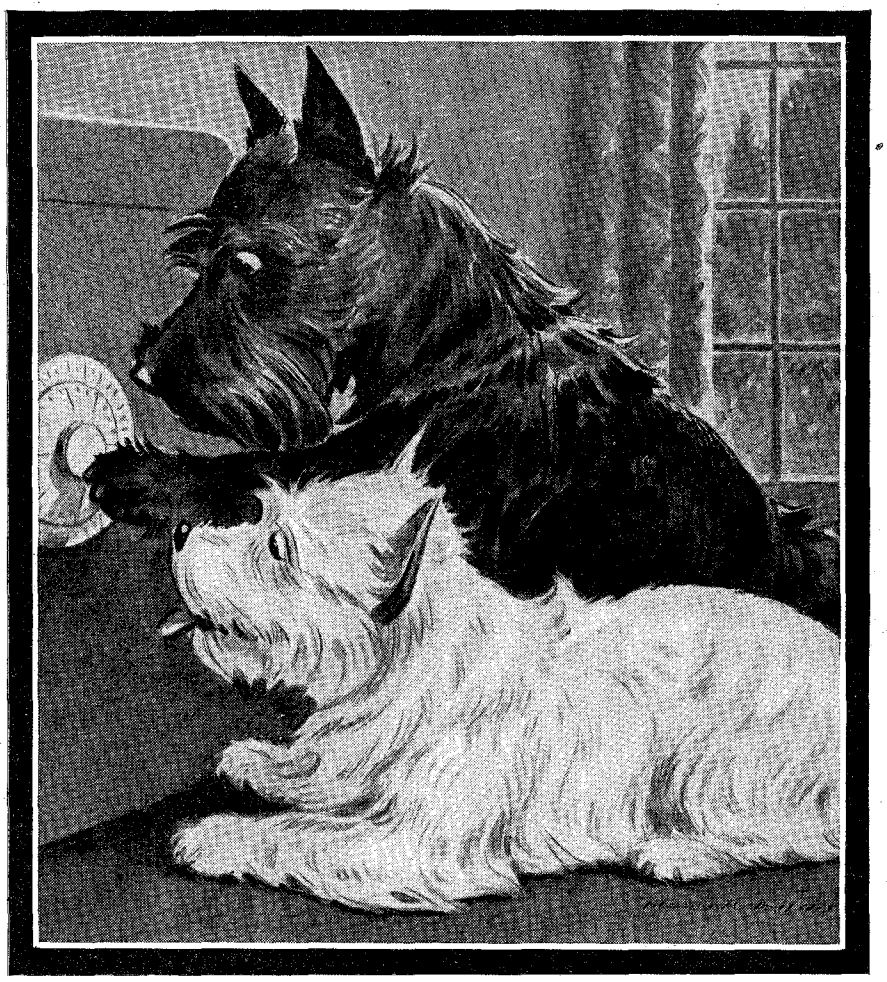
* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General



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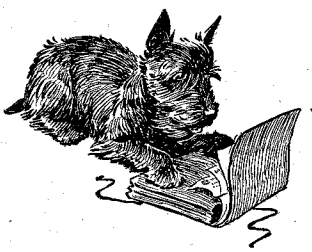

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TRADE Winds

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest column is by Harry Hansen, former literary editor of the* New York World-Telegram *and now editor of the* World Almanac. *His most recent book is "North of Manhattan." He will have a book on Scarsdale on the fall Harper list.*

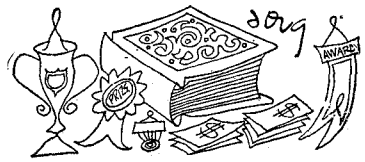
PRIZE AWARDS are multiplying and the sums offered are getting larger. Alice Hackett, who summarizes them annually for *Publishers' Weekly,* now needs seven pages for the list. Even if the prize is only an advance against future royalties, it is worth having, for the publisher is not likely to dun the author for unrealized royalties.

The O. Henry Memorial Awards, three annual prizes for short stories, have just been hipped to $500, $400, and $300. The extra money was supplied by Dell Books and the Western Printing and Lithographing Co. Next year Dell will issue a pocketbook edition of the "Prize Stories," in which the O. Henry award stories appear. Since these awards often go to writers who publish only in little magazines, the money will be especially welcome. Moreover, writers whose stories appear in the book without winning prizes also will receive a small payment.

Years ago the "Prize Stories" paid nothing for inclusion of non-prize-winning stories, making the business a sort of literary lottery in which the author had to take his chances. Some authors refused. Edna Ferber saw no reason for letting her work build up an anthology. Ernest Hemingway devised his own formula. He wrote: "If my story wins a prize, you may use it; if not, you can't." I was the editor that year, and because I felt that Ernest should enter the contest on equal terms with all other authors I did not submit his story to the judges.

Paul Engle and Hansford Martin have now taken over direction of the "Prize Stories," and I observe that the wrath already is descending on them in the form of a lament by Raymond Walters, Jr., published in *SR.* Truth is, the editors can't please everyone because (1) not enough good stories are published annually to make a book, and (2) few reviewers, judges, and story-tasters agree on what constitutes a good story.

When I took over "Prize Stories" the book had been edited by Blanche Colton Williams with the help of the entire English Department of Hunter College, plus students. The volunteers had long, endless debates on individual stories, and they usually wound up by crowning Wilbur Daniel Steele. Edward J. O'Brien, editor of "Best Stories," had pretty nearly succeeded



in sinking the "well-made story." I tried to hold on to some shreds of form, while looking desperately for illumination. To have a good time reading *The Saturday Evening Post* was taboo. Yet O'Brien was so far advanced that I was usually accused of favoring the "tailor-made story." I took solace in a letter from a Boston lawyer, whose wife inadvertently got hold of "Prize Stories." "How do you explain this sort of thing?" he asked. "O. Henry wouldn't have tolerated one of these stories."

That cheered me up, but when Kip Fadiman, one of my judges, asked: "Who dealt this mess?" I tossed the job to Herschel Brickell. He was tops. Miss Williams edited the book from Hunter College; I edited it from Barclay St.; Brickell edited it from Caracas. Now it's in the bosom (or lap) of Iowa.

A MANUSCRIPT I should like to read has just been delivered to the Library of Congress. It is an essay in which Hugh Walpole speaks his mind about his contemporaries, including W. Somerset Maugham, and it never has been published. It has been given to the Library by Jean Hersholt, who, after turning over his Hans Christian Andersen collection, decided the Library ought also to have his Walpole first editions and correspondence. The reason I am interested is that Walpole may clear up some moot points associated with Maugham's "Cakes and Ale."

When that book was published one of the characters seemed a caricature of Walpole. Maugham, in a recent interview, admitted this. Evidently the book had other implications, for in a short time an Englishwoman wrote a riposte called "Gin and Bitters," which was issued anonymously. At first it was considered good lit'ry give-and-

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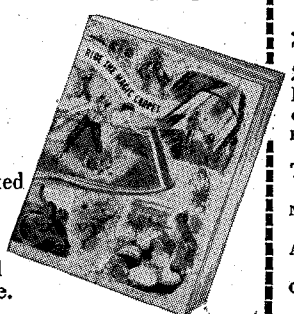

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take, but that was not the way Maugham took it. He was angry, and the publisher, who had the best of intentions, was aggrieved. A director on his board, who was a friend of Maugham's, resigned. When the publisher reached London and tried to see Maugham to explain Maugham wouldn't talk with him.

"Gin and Bitters" was not reprinted, although there was a demand for it. Perhaps Hugh Walpole wrote his piece for a periodical, and had it rejected. He could pass some sharp judgments on other authors. But it is unlikely that anything about Walpole's methods can top the story Alfred Noyes told in his autobiography a few seasons ago, when he described how Walpole wrote a completely spurious report of Noyes's opinions and insisted that it was much better than the actual.

YOU MAY HAVE OBSERVED that newspapers these days are expressing as much concern for the eyes of the reader as the cigarette companies are for the health of the smoker. The latest major newspaper to enlarge the size of its type is the *Chicago Tribune*, which went to nine-point the first of the year. Since this is not run solid but leaded, the page seems readable halfway across the room. The explanation is greater legibility, but I suspect a fiscal reason. The *Tribune* ought to gain one column of composition per page, which will mean a tremendous saving on wages and material.

A year ago the *New York Herald Tribune* made radical changes in format and typography in the (alleged) interests of greater legibility, thereby cheapening what had been one of the finest front pages in the world. (Bennett Cerf and I helped give the paper an Ayer Cup one year.) The *World-Telegram & Sun* has gone to eight-point. *The New York Times* has shrunk one em. Newspapers everywhere are trying to recapture profits or plug up deficits. Today they are subject to the big squeeze. Labor can exact practically anything it wants. Papermakers, when not owned by the newspapers, are deterred solely by prayer from charging the limit.

When the future historian of economics, sitting on the ruins of a huge Goss press, considers how the newspapers were squeezed down (and possibly out) he may wonder why so many became concerned with their readers' eyesight.

NOW THAT THE LITERARY associations of the lamented Hotel Brevoort are being remembered, mention might be made of its part in the great moral crisis of April 1906. That was the occasion when Maxim Gorky was enthusiastically welcomed to New York and installed in a hotel on upper Broadway, from which he was summarily ejected when the proprietor learned that Gorky's traveling companion, Mme. Andreieva, was not his wife. The pair had been living together in Russia, where the lady's husband had refused her a divorce. Friends of Gorky explained the situation to a manager at the Brevoort, who agreed to house the couple. The lady registered there as Mme. Gorky. A few hours later some higher-up at the

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF W. B. YEATS

William Pollexfen, my grandfather, I remember, . . . had won the freedom of some Spanish city, for saving life, perhaps, but was so silent that his wife never knew it till he was near eighty, and then from the chance visit of some old sailor.

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Brevoort discovered that its rooms were all taken and ushered the couple across the street to the Rhinelander Apartment Hotel. Between 6 P.M. and 11 P.M., while Gorky and his friend were at a reception for them in Grand Central Palace, the Rhinelander learned the terrible truth from newshounds and stacked the Gorky baggage in the corridor. Friends thereupon took the couple to a private home.

This business rocked literary New York. A big dinner at which William Dean Howells was to preside was hastily canceled. Mark Twain eased himself out with wisecracks. A lot of literary lights ran to cover. Edwin Markham stuck by Gorky and was kissed on both cheeks. The real defender of Gorky was John Dewey, who gave him a party at Columbia. Gorky and the lady wound up at an up-state mountain retreat and later sailed for home, belittling everything from the Brooklyn bridge to the Idaho potato.

SOME PEOPLE invite trouble. One such person is the amiable publisher Kenneth S. Giniger, who planned Hawthorn Books, Inc., for Prentice-Hall and runs it. After observing that Hawthorn does not carry the ultimate "e" I asked him about it. "I wanted a distinctive name," said Giniger. "This has a good sound, but practically everybody spells it Hawthorne. So I decided Hawthorn would be unique." It is. Giniger will have to put in a lifetime training proofreaders, reviewers, and readers. . . . Every time someone climbs Everest or descends into the murky depths of the sea he stimulates readers for the *National Geographic Magazine*, which printed 2,150,000 copies in January. The *Geographic*, interested in heights, says they would make a pile over ten miles high. The magazine as now constituted was the idea of Gilbert Grosvenor, who was graduated from Amherst in 1899 and made assistant editor of what was a stuffy technical journal run by Alexander Graham

Bell. Grosvenor started to answer "man's universal curiosity about the world and its people." Grosvenor is still editor, after fifty-five years of it, and his associate editor, John Oliver La Gorce, has been at it since 1905. Copies of the *Geographic* will never be rare; readers hold on to them for life. —HARRY HANSEN.

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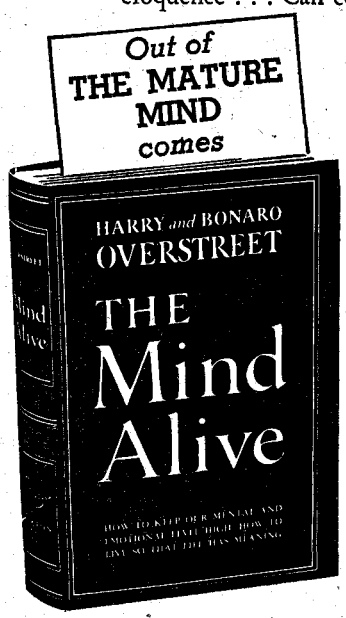

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The Saturday Review

MARCH 20, 1954

BIOGRAPHERS ARE ONLY HUMAN

By JOHN A. GARRATY

Whether biographers adhere to the fictional, intuitive, psychological, debunking, or conservative schools, their aim is always to come to terms with "the elusive human equation." John A. Garraty, who teaches history at Michigan State College and is the author of a recent biography of Henry Cabot Lodge, analyzes here the various paths that biographers take to arrive at a just and enlivening portrayal of their subjects.

"I CAN'T tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my little hatchet!" Most school children are no longer subjected to Weems's anecdote of Washington and the Cherry Tree, but for generations the Parson's fantastic story gave the average American his picture of the Father of His Country. Our ideas about the great men of history come largely from the pens of biographers, and these biographers have ever been puzzled by the elusive human equation. They have had not only a story to tell but also a character to re-create. The task of breathing life into a dead man's personality has always presented the life writer with his greatest challenge. It has also led him into all sorts of arguments with his colleagues.

The rapid expansion of the science of psychology in recent times has led to a greater interest in the dynamic portrayal of personality in life stories, but this is merely a trend, not an innovation. Since the time of Plutarch biographers have been aware of the challenge of personality and have met it with varying success. Even in the Victorian era, the heyday of reticence, when the typical subject was pictured, as Edmund Gosse once said, "in a tight frock-coat, with a glass of water in his hand, in the act of preparing to say, 'Ladies and gentlemen,'" there were some biographers who penetrated behind the façade and came up with frank and well-rounded portraits.

The techniques that biographers have applied to the task of describing personality have ranged from the ridiculous to the pedantic, from the wildly imaginative to the coldly scientific. On one extreme have been the fictional biographers, those who have created artificial "facts" whenever reality was hard to come by. Works of this kind shade gradually from pure fiction to books that claim to be serious biographical "interpretations" of historical figures. Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence" is obviously based on the life of Gauguin, but it is clearly a novel (and a very good one) not a biography, for even the hero's name is changed. The books of Irving Stone, such as his "Lust for Life" (Van Gogh) and his "Immortal Wife" (Mrs. Andrew Jackson) are a little closer to biography, because they utilize the names of historical characters, but a librarian would have no hesitation in classifying them as novels.

Other writers, still clearly novelists, have developed pretensions that bring them perilously close to biography. In "The Conqueror," for example, Gertrude Atherton attempted to "write a sequential and detailed life of [Alexander] Hamilton . . . so presented that any reader might delude his lazy mind with belief that he was reading a novel." Here the line between fiction and biography is finally crossed.

Hardly different from the biographical novelists have been the sensation-mongering hack biographers, of whom Francis Gribble may be offered as an example. Gribble has described himself and his methods in "Seen in Passing," his engagingly frank autobiography. "Work which could be quickly finished and immediately disposed of was the only work I could afford to do," he explained. In such productions as "Mme. de Staël and Her Lovers" he manufactured anecdotes and other material freely. But Gribble took himself seriously. "My object," he wrote, "was . . . the analysis of characters and the drawing pictures. . . ." He argued that he had

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made himself an expert on the French Romantics, and defended the sensationalism in his books as being necessary and truthful. The people he wrote about had made love "an integral part of the liberal education of a man or woman of letters," so he had to describe their amours in detail!

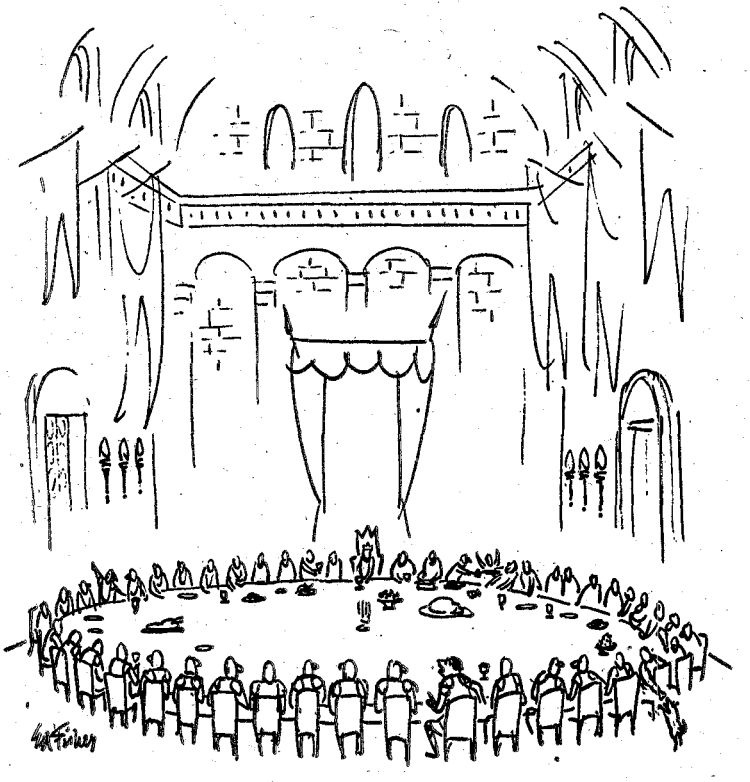
THE deliberate invention of material, however, has not often been practised by modern biographers. Most have remained at least within shouting distance of some source. But many, without consciously deviating from verifiable evidence, have depended upon intuition and even upon inspiration in the use of facts. Biographers of this "intuitive" school have been primarily interested in the man, not in his works. "History I have never studied," one practitioner has written, "Human nature always." Among these writers have been some of the most commercially successful biographers of recent times, men like Emil Ludwig, André Maurois, Stefan Zweig, and Gamaliel Bradford, but again the basic technique is old. The French critic-biographer Sainte-Beuve, for instance, achieved his often brilliant word pictures by intuition. Shutting himself up with the works of the person he sought to describe, he would read and meditate until suddenly the revealing trait, the key to character would appear to him. At this point Sainte-Beuve recorded: "The portrait . . . speaks and lives; 'I have found the man!" This is essentially what Maurois has called "understanding by a *coup d'état*." Emil Ludwig's method of shutting himself up with a painting or photograph of his subject was based on the same philosophy. Prolonged brooding over the picture would lead to a revelation baring the "meaning" of the person's life. Thus, according to Ludwig, the biographer "begins with a concept of character and searches in the archives for what is at bottom corroboration of an intuition."

Beyond "intuition," along the road to a more rational approach, has come the use of the science of psychology in probing historical characters. Of course, psychological insight is as old as biography itself. It can be seen operating in the works of Plutarch, for example, quite clearly. But the real father of "scientific" psychological biography was Freud, who tried to apply his clinical theories of psychoanalysis to the study of famous men.

In 1910 he published a life of Leonardo da Vinci, in which he explained the artist's whole career in terms of his early history. Freud himself was careful to point out the limitations of his technique. The "deduction of the psychological writer," he wrote, "is not capable of proof," though in the case of his book on Da Vinci he felt that the evidence was very strong. "We must mark out the limits which are set up for the working capacity of psychoanalysis in biography," he cautioned.

But many of the biographers who have adapted psychoanalysis to their own uses have lacked Freud's humility. In the shadow of his pioneering work, psychoanalysts, particularly in Germany, produced a rash of interpretive articles "explaining" historical figures from Amenhotep IV to Richard Wagner in Freudian terms and with dogmatic certainty. In the period after World War I, Freudian studies like Joseph Wood Krutch's life of Poe and Katharine Anthony's "Margaret Fuller" vied for public attention with biographies based on the work of Freud's critics within the psychoanalytical world, such as Dr. Leon Pierce Clark's "Lincoln: A Psycho-biography," and the many glib sketches of Harvey O'Higgins and Edward H. Reede. The great interest in psychoanalytical biography was part of a broad trend toward interdisciplinary research which affected many fields in the early twentieth century. An eye doctor named George M. Gould wrote seven volumes of "Biographic Clinics" explaining the personalities of a long list of great men in terms of eye strain. "At any time in his life a proper pair of spectacle lenses would have relieved [Thomas] DeQuincey of his sufferings," the good doctor proclaimed in a typical essay. An Australian medico published two volumes in the early Twenties diagnosing the ills of many of history's famous figures, and others joined in.

Nearly all the psychoanalytical and medical biographies, notwithstanding their show of "science," have been highly speculative, and many frankly sensationalistic in their approach. But despite (or perhaps because of) this similarity to the "intuitive" school, most "intuitive" biographers have been scathing in their attacks on the "psychoanalysts." Of course, the devotees of intuition have fancied themselves experts in psychology, but they have attempted to be psychologists in the artistic, non-professional sense. Emil Ludwig once claimed to have discovered the Oedipus complex, but he wrote a book on Freud in which he reviewed a good deal of the psychological-biographical literature and found it uniformly worthless. "When Freud inspects a figure out of history he resembles a physician who instead of examining his patient's whole body looks at a single organ, usually the genitals," he wrote. "In the some thousands of pages of my works you will find no conception or phrase born of psychoanalysis." Maurois, in spite of his theory of the *coup d'état*, considered psychoanalytical biography impractical on the ground that the necessary evidence was never avail-



"I say! Sir Gawain!—prithee pass the salt!"

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able. Most other writers of the Ludwig-Maurois variety would agree.

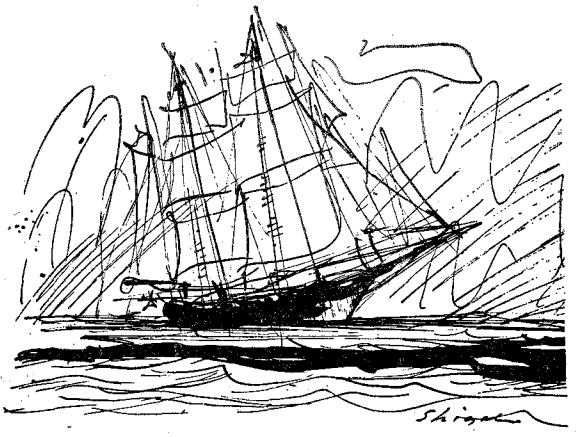
BIOGRAPHERS who have found themselves lacking in intuition and without faith in psychoanalysis have employed less pretentious means of revealing personality. Some have stressed the role of the times and the environment in molding character. Others have relied upon detail, describing their hero's clothing, the design on the wallpaper in his bedroom, his dietary habits, and similar petty trivia, the theory being that in this manner the man is made "real" in the reader's mind.

The famous school of the "debunker" belongs in this category, for the deflating of any great man is most easily accomplished by a careful description of his everyday activities and small faults. Unfriendly biographers have always seized upon the weaknesses of their subjects, but after World War I this approach was developed and refined until it became a type in itself. Lytton Strachey, naughtily lowering his sly "little bucket" into a "great ocean of material" in search of "some characteristic specimen, from those far depths, to be examined with a careful curiosity," gave the new form a model. His "Eminent Victorians" (1918) demonstrated perfectly how to blast a reputation by the shrewd selection and subtle slanting of evidence.

The word "debunker" was coined by William E. Woodward, who first used it in the novel "Bunk." Woodward conceived a character, Michael Webb, who studied the family of an automobile tycoon in order to "take the bunk out of that family by showing it up in its true relations." Woodward went on to remove the "bunk" (and a good deal else) from George Washington and U. S. Grant. Soon a veritable army was in the field, demolishing the conventional images of the great. No one—not even the sainted Lincoln—was safe. "The time is coming," one critic warned in 1927, "when the biographers ain't going to the records, but to the neighbors."

Another method of presenting personality in biography, difficult to classify because it draws from all of the others already mentioned, has been developed by writers like Catherine Drinker Bowen, Louise Hall Tharp, and Madeleine B. Stern. This method is fictional, intuitive, and psychological; it also makes use of "local color" and detail to create the impression of reality. But (and here it differs from all these others) it is usually based on extensive research in manuscript and other primary sources. And for some strange reason it seems

(*Continued on page* 55)



The Best Advice I Ever Had

By JOHN MASEFIELD, *Poet Laureate of Great Britain, who celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday last June.*

APPROPRIATELY for a poet, the best advice I ever had came to me in the form of a sententious little quatrain. It has been of inestimable value to me, and, so I have been told, to hundreds of others to whom I have passed it on.

I was only seventeen or eighteen. I had quit my life as a seaman and was working in a carpet factory in Yonkers, New York, while trying to learn to write. Having just read Keats and Shelley for the first time, I was on fire to be a poet, but, as everyone knows who has tried to compose a poem, the new task I had set myself was far more difficult than climbing masts or painting decks. I had almost despaired when I came upon this homespun sentiment:

Sitting still and wishing
Makes no person great.
The good Lord sends the fishing,
But you must dig the bait.

This easily remembered stanza somehow gave me the courage I needed to go on. I dug bait for months—and finally caught a publisher who accepted my first poem.

This counsel helped me every day and stood me in especially good stead on a particular occasion after I had returned to London. An admirer of the great Irish poet William Butler Yeats, I had written to him and he had replied with an invitation to one of his Monday evenings. The tall, stooped, cadaverous-looking Irishman with his pale hands and pince-nez seemed like a caricature of a poet. But his short-sighted eyes were full of fun; and witty, illuminating conversation cascaded from him like a cataract. Dozens of writers and artists crowded into his small quarters to sit at his feet and share his inspiration.

That night he urged us younger poets not to be content with writing fragments of verse but to attempt something long enough to have a beginning, middle, and end. Our minds must be stretched, he said, forced to produce an extended work. Then all our writing would come easier.

I went away intoxicated with ambition. Tomorrow I would begin to do great things. But the next night and many nights following found me still at my writing desk—without the anticipated masterpiece even started.

I GREW terribly discouraged. I simply lacked the power, I told myself. I could not compose a large work requiring scope, imagination, and control.

But the prosaic quatrain kept singing in my brain. So, while continuing with poems and short stories, I turned to the vast sea for inspiration for a larger project. For background I read hundreds of accounts of voyages and tried to recall every character and conversation met with in my own years as a sailor. In picture galleries I studied innumerable seascapes to help me describe the ocean in its various moods. I walked up and down lonely streets until late at night, plotting my story.

Eventually, after some ten years of continual digging, I completed a novel which found favor with the critics and —more important to me—with Yeats himself.

It would have been very easy for me to sit and dream of being a writer, but I would never have been one without a constant goad. "You must dig the bait" gave it to me. To this day I do not know the name of the author of the simple lines. But I have been indebted to him many times for helping me see a job through.

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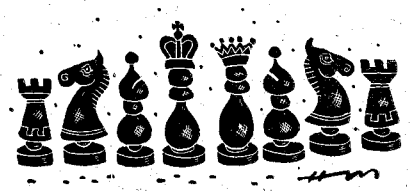
Humanity's Tight Confines

***"The Challenge of Man's Future," by Harrison Brown** (Viking Press. 290 pp. $3.75), is the latest and perhaps the boldest call for measures to maintain a desired ratio between human births and the world's goods. Here it is reviewed by Russell Lord, editor of* The Land *and author of a forthcoming book on "The Care of the Earth."*

By Russell Lord

HAVING undertaken to write and deliver to a publisher by summer a brief history of husbandry, I have here at my elbow a six-foot shelf of contemporary source books on man's use of his planet, chronologically arranged. Looking them over, I am struck by the vicissitudes of thinking they represent. In the Thirties almost every book addressed to the general public dealt with our damaged soil and the problem of supplying man's needs from it. There were, among others, Paul B. Sears's "Deserts on the March" (1935), Stuart Chase's "Rich Land, Poor Land" (1936), Gerald W. Johnson's "The Wasted Land" (1937), Hugh H. Bennett's "Soil Conservation" (1939), and Raymond Pearl's "The Natural History of Population" (1939).

Dr. Pearl's distinguished but little noticed contribution, published the year before he died, marks a pivotal point, I now believe, in the literature of conservation. Now emphasis shifted to restatements and renewed denials of the Malthusian principle—the notion that poverty and distress were inevitable without restraint on births. During the first half of the Forties we had rather specialized works along this line by E. Parmalee Prentice, Guy Irving Burch, and Elmer Pendell. In 1948, two book-club choices, Fairfield Osborn's "Our Plundered Planet" and William Vogt's "Road to Survival," blew the argument whether Malthus was right or not out into the public domain. The Fifties have brought us, successively, Robert C. Cook's "Human Fertility: The Modern Dilemma," David Cushman Coyle's "Day of Judgment," Josué de Castro's "The Geography of Hunger," L. Dudley Stamp's "Land for Tomorrow: The Underdeveloped World," and Robert Brittain's "Let There Be Bread."



The tide accelerates. With 1954 not yet three months along, the bookstores currently have on their tables Fairfield Osborn's "The Limits of the Earth," Samuel H. Ordway, Jr.'s "Resources and the American Dream," and M. K. Bennett's "The World's Food." Now comes "The Challenge of Man's Future," by Harrison Brown, a young geochemist, much of whose work has hitherto been confined to the more comfortably sequestered fields of nuclear fission.

If, as one gathers, Dr. Brown turned from the necessarily cold-blooded calculations of atomic warfare to consider, warmly and humanely, the biotic construction of nature in the hope of holding the world and its civilization not only intact but on a steadily upward course of happiness and plenty, he may well be astonished by the unpeaceful, not to say bomblike, repercussions that certain of the pronouncements with which he concludes his book will arouse. Dr. Brown goes further than any of his predecessors among scientific writers have gone. For what he is advocating is nothing more or less than the brave new world of Aldous Huxley, in which birth is rigidly controlled by the state.

NOW the question of birth control, permitted, induced, or compelled, is one on which feeling runs particularly high. In 1948, for example, when William Vogt linked a moderated plea for contraception with Point IV principles and objectives, in a *Saturday Evening Post* article, he soon found it preferable to leave his post as conservationist in the Pan-American Union in Washington and become executive director of the Planned Parenthood League in New York. In 1949, having gone so far as to argue flatly in his "Road to Survival" that grant of Marshall Plan money abroad should be restricted to nations that would administer accompanying steps

THE AUTHOR: Harrison Brown, a geochemist who is pretty fond of Earth, has spent the last decade doing his best to prevent it from committing a kind of planetary *hara-kiri.* The A-bomb, the H-bomb, the world adrift between mounting populations and diminishing resources, among other threats, have preoccupied him since 1942 when, at twenty-five, he did secret work on fissionable materials at the University of Chicago. He later went to Oak Ridge. Of those experiences and a few others Brown, now a professor at CalTech, said last week: "I worked on the A-bomb business during the war, and I suppose that prompted me more than anything else to wonder and worry about man's future. Anyway, it prompted me to write a book in '46 on the dangers of atomic war. Every prediction in it which has had a chance of coming true has come true."

After the war Brown taught nuclear studies at Chicago, but he later went off on a geological tangent. His student days were spent at the University of California (B.S., '38) and Johns Hopkins (Ph.D., '41). He worked his way through, fronting a dance band. Occasionally he tended bar. Like his drinks, his convictions, he says, are strong, several of which are: On education—"I believe that our system turns out far too many narrow specialists who have difficulty communicating with their fellow men"; on California—"I enjoy it in spite of the fact that a minority of crackpots bends every effort to prevent us from being contaminated by the U.N."; and on the last ten years—"My new book emerged largely as a result of my exposure to ecology, geochemistry, history, A-bombs, people, and the realization that all things on the earth's surface, including all men, are either directly or indirectly interrelated. One cannot arrive at sound conclusions concerning man's place in the universe and concerning the chances of his survival without focusing every area of human knowledge on the problem. That, I believe, is the primary lesson I have learned." —BERNARD KALB.

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toward birth control, the magazine *Time* gave his book a going-over extensive in detail and in somewhat abusive tone.

A year or so later, on the other hand, a quarterly magazine which I edit, *The Land,* expressed a degree of understanding, if not of sympathy, for the Catholic position, remarking: "Farmers, in particular, will incline to believe and to work in the faith that the first answer to the world's sore need is in the soil, not in the drugstore . . .".

Back at me hard came Robert C. Cook, editor of the *Journal of Genetics*: "Tragic and dangerous ignorance lies behind remarks of this kind. They may be accepted as expressions of deep emotion, but they lack the mature thought on which sincere conviction should be founded. They seem to be the reflex retorts of a disturbed ignorance, and more like them are to be expected before even leaders of mankind accept the facts of biology and life."

WHAT does Harrison Brown's far from dispassionate "The Challenge of Man's Future" have to offer us that has not been as well or better said before? Quite a lot. The opening chapter, viewing the whole island of Jamaica and its people as a biological entity and "a world in miniature," is charming. His swift, successive chapters survey the story of men on this planet, recording the effects man has had on the planet and on himself. He points out that in ancient and medieval eras the human race once corrected discrepancies between the birth rate and the food supply by a high rate of infanticide—and by contraceptions improvised from such materials as crocodile dung and goat's bladder centuries before the Age of Rubber.

Today the nations of the world may be divided into three groups: nations still agrarian, those already industrialized, those in transition. Dr. Brown points out what the impact of the last group—in the West—is upon those in the first two groups—in the East—where health measures are prolonging life but birth rates remain constant. Harrison Brown comes to some extreme conclusions about the need for radical measures:

"A substantial fraction of humanity today is behaving as if it were engaged in a contest to test nature's willingness to support humanity and, if it had its way, it would not rest content until the earth is covered with a writhing mass of human beings, much as a dead cow is covered with a pulsating mass of maggots. . . ."

How long can this continue? What

(*Continued on page* 52)

USA

—*Janet Armer.*

—*Augusta Berns.*

Jacques Barzun and Louis Kronenberger—"panoramic [and] close-up."

Critique and Accompaniment

"God's Country and Mine," by Jacques Barzun *(Little, Brown. 344 pp. $5), and* ***"Company Manners: A Cultural Inquiry Into American Life," by Louis Kronenberger*** *(Bobbs Merrill. 229 pp. $3), are new critical essays analyzing our culture, the first by a French-born American, the latter by a native son.*

By Gilbert Seldes

AS IT must to all writers, the temptation to do a book about America came to me some years ago; the book I wrote was lopsided, dogmatic, spoiled by pedantry, and a little isolationist; yet, because it is my book about America, it is one of the few I have written which I can bear to read again. To be sure, the temptation to which I yielded was the less insidious one. The other is to write *the book* about America; and this, by common consent, should be left to foreigners to do.

Jacques Barzun is not a foreigner; he is, in fact, a fine demonstration of the great principle upon which this nation was founded, that any man, from anywhere, can *become* an American. (Can you think of yourself as becoming a Frenchman—or would you be only a citizen of France?) I do not know whether Barzun is himself aware of this; but he is so aware of the amalgam of Americans that he makes it clear in his new book, "God's Country and Mine," that he doesn't even care for the preservation of "cultural values" among immigrants. He has, however, preserved an attitude of mind, a temperament, in which the whole culture of Europe is palpable, and this is fortunate because his book is panoramic and requires perspective. By contrast, native son Louis Kronenberger's book "Company Manners" is a close-up which needs—and gets—the object held under a steady and concentrated observation—the object being certain aspects of American life.

As each book has the virtue of its method, the fault one might find in each also rises from method: "God's Country and Mine" has sweep, but too many things have been swept into the picture, and in "Company Manners" the intensity of focus is so great that you begin to think Mr. Kronenberger is using his lens not so much as a magnifier as a burning-glass. In his diffusion, Mr. Barzun finds room for an amusing dialogue proving that cricket never really existed and for an indignant essay on Kinsey and for a taxi-driver's account of a movie (the higher criticism). In his concentration, Mr. Kronenberger does not have to omit gag comedy, baseball, and what Josh Logan did to "The Cherry Orchard"—but he relates everything to his central theme, nothing (except perhaps an occasional epigram) is brought in for its own sake, and "Company Manners" therefore has

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unity and balance, a sort of artistic form of its own.

The authors of these books have helpfully placed clues to their intentions in conspicuous places. Barzun begins with a sonorous panegyric to America, but before you can accuse him of being a glorifier, he pulls up and states his case, and it is the best possible case you can make for a materialistic society which has a moral significance. The meaning we have in the world, he tells us, rises from a combination of two European theories with a practice all our own: the eighteenth-century view of progress and the Romantic view of man's diversity plus our "native tradition of Deafness to Doctrine," our resistance to rigid ideologies which would make it impossible for the other two theories to work into practice. Mr. Kronenberger is less schematic, but equally clear. He accepts "the age of anxiety" as a proper description of one phase of our lives, but "physically, mechanically, modern life is . . . a very superior mode of existence" and to enjoy it we pay tribute to the bitch-goddess. This is not Mr. Kronenberger's word; he says, "Success is almost without distinction, as failure is without dignity." And he adds, "Success must leave one quite as anxious as failure." And to sum up, "It might be more horrifying, but it would be far simpler, if America were . . . completely soulless . . . altogether materialistic. It is a good deal more complicated because . . . we are serving God and Mammon both, and both at the same time."

IT is interesting to note the places at which the two authors meet. There is "the outrageous . . . business of first names" (Kronenberger) which interests Barzun because "one of the knottiest questions in any business relation is just when to begin calling your correspondent Charlie." And in a discussion of the individual as opposed to the "personality," which is composed of a hundred "personalized" products, either writer could have said that many Americans "need initials on the cloth cover of the toilet seat to remind them who they are." (Credit to Barzun.)

"Company Manners" is a study of a few manifestations of the cultural and intellectual life, and naturally must say something of the academic life, too; it is against "the whole religion of Ph.Deism" and defines our "superstition about the infallibility of science." Mr. Barzun goes further: he has created a kind of Pure Scientific Man whom he belabors steadily for an entire chapter with the usual disclaimer at the end: "None of the foregoing should be taken to imply any underestimation of our debt to science." But it shows a complete misunderstanding of science and the scientific method to say "scientists do this" and "science doesn't care for that" without ever naming or describing the science or the scientist.

—*Justus, in the* Minneapolis Star.

"Perverted Use of the Torch."

While reading Barzun I was also reading Stuart Chase's "Power of Words" and had the feeling that Barzun was abusing his readers; we've all had our primary course in semantics and we ought to be treated like little grown-ups now.

That both of these intellectual critics of American life should have doubts about our intellectual life isn't too surprising; that Kronenberger, the urbane dramatic critic, observing only a limited portion of city life, should be more profoundly pessimistic than Barzun, the observer of the whole American phenomenon, again strikes me as natural. I think that Mr. Kronenberger has felt a change of tempo —the rate at which vulgarization takes place has been stepped up; whereas Mr. Barzun still feels a kind of steadiness, as if our manners may become hectic, but our pulse will remain normal. It is not for me to reconcile these views, or even to choose between them.

When I wrote my book about America I went to an older one ("The Promise of American Life," by Herbert Croly) for my inscription: "The general belief still is that Americans are not destined to renounce, but to enjoy." For his quote, Mr. Kronenberger goes to Dore Schary: "America is a 'happy-ending' nation." And on his last page Mr. Barzun quotes Scott Fitzgerald: "America is a willingness of the heart." Who knows best?

Freedom's Enemies

"The Web of Subversion," by James Burnham *(John Day. 248 pp. $3.75), describes Communist espionage activities in the United States. Here it is reviewed by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., associate professor of history at Harvard and author of "The Vital Center."*

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

JAMES BURNHAM's new book, "The Web of Subversion," is a quickie devoted to a portrayal of Communist espionage activities inside the United States Government. It is based, in the main, on testimony in Congressional hearings; and its method is to accept all charges, assume their substantial truth (while perfunctorily noting denials along the way), and reconstruct from them the underlying "web of subversion." Mr. Burnham has tried hard to stick to known or alleged Communists and Soviet agents and has sought to resist the temptation to indict or belabor mere liberals. Yet, for all his attempts at restraint, his analysis is so fundamentally uncritical that the result is more misleading than it is illuminating.

There has, of course, been considerable systematic Soviet espionage activity within the American Government (as within the British, French, German, and doubtless most other Governments). The main value of Mr. Burnham's book lies in his efficient marshaling of evidence of this activity. Even if discounted 50 per cent, this evidence should leave behind quite enough of a residue to convince any fair-minded observer of the reality of the problem. Where Mr. Burnham fails, however, is first in his indiscriminate belief that all accusations are equal: thus he appears to find Louis Budenz fully as reliable a witness as Whittaker Chambers and casually passes along Budenz's preposterous charges against men like John Carter Vincent and John K. Fairbank. And he fails further in ascribing to the facts of Communist infiltration a significance which his evidence simply fails to establish.

Thus, there were Communists in the economic agencies in the Thirties. With Mr. Burnham's constant assumption of Soviet purposefulness, he believes that all of these Communists must have had other objectives beyond just finding jobs in the midst of depression. But, hard put to decide what their covert mission was, he

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finally concludes that "the aim of influencing policy was on the whole more important than espionage." Surely, having concluded this, he ought next to point to the policies influenced. Suppose Nathan Gregory Silvermaster worked for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, wherein did he induce Jesse Jones to serve the purposes of the USSR? In this stage of his argument, Mr. Burnham just peters out. The one New Deal agency where systematic policy influence by the Communists can plausibly be charged is the National Labor Relations Board in 1938-1940. In order to make something of this, Mr. Burnham rather desperately calls it "the most important" of all the depression-born agencies; but even here he cannot demonstrate very catastrophic consequences from Communist infiltration.

When he comes to the war years, he is able to show the obvious importance of espionage. But here he evades and distorts other issues. Thus he suggests that a plan drawn up by Harry Dexter White was embodied in the ten-point "ultimatum" to Japan of November 26, 1941, which, in Burnham's view, led to Pearl Harbor. The facts are that the White plan was a temporizing proposal, aimed to stave off hostilities; that its tone was not adopted, but substantially altered in the November 26 document (which was not, by the way, an ultimatum); and that the whole project of buying off Japan was vigorously opposed by Lauchlin Currie and Owen Lattimore, who, Burnham elsewhere suggests, were loyal colleagues of White's in the "web of subversion."

Or, again, he discusses the American decision to switch from Mihailovitch to Tito in Yugoslavia in terms of the "web of subversion," without mentioning the perhaps relevant fact that Britain had made that switch some months before and had been urging us to do likewise. Or are Winston Churchill and Fitzroy Maclean to be written off as Soviet agents? Or take the Morgenthau Plan for Germany: Harry White favored the plan, Lauchlin Currie opposed it. Who was acting as Soviet agent? But Burnham never recognizes the existence of problems like this.

THE problem of Communist infiltration is far more complicated than Mr. Burnham makes out. The most successful spy in the last war was probably Richard Sorge, a Communist who penetrated the Nazi diplomatic service—a fact which would suggest that Democratic Administrations are not affected with a peculiar vulnerability to Communism. Indeed, the most effective Communist infiltrations in the American Government were in the Manhattan Project when it was commanded by General Groves, in SCAP when it was commanded by General MacArthur, and in our Military Government in Germany when it was commanded by General Eisenhower. We all know what the atomic spies did; and "Asia and the Democratic Revolution," by Richard Deverall, the American Federation of Labor representative in Japan, reminds us of the way in which MacArthur's Headquarters gave the Communists "a field day" in the labor movement, an indulgence from which Japanese labor has not yet recovered. The German story, as Mr. Burnham concedes, has not yet been fully told. But Mr. Burnham makes very little of these episodes. Surely the moral is that right-wing leadership is not a much better guarantee against Communist penetration than liberal leadership.

"The Web of Subversion" does suggest one useful point, however. Attorney General Brownell recently called Harry White a known spy on the basis of the indirect evidence of Elizabeth Bentley, who never saw Harry White. But Miss Bentley did see Mr. and Mrs. Silvermaster and Major Ullmann; and she has directly implicated them in her espionage charges. J. Edgar Hoover has said that all Miss Bentley's testimony which could be checked out has turned out to be correct. Yet the Silvermasters and Ullmann walk the streets of America free today—and there is no statute of limitations on espionage in wartime. Mr. Burnham's book, with its recital of the ugly story of Soviet espionage in America, makes one wonder why the Attorney General has done so little to bring the traitorous men and women to justice.

Croswell Bowen—"first-rate reporter."

Race of the Undercity

"They Went Wrong," by Croswell Bowen *(McGraw-Hill. 264 pp. $3.50), is a collection of reports on six Manhattan crimes and their perpetrators by a* New Yorker *staff writer. Our reviewer, John Bartlow Martin, is the author of "Why Did They Kill?" and other accounts of crime in the Midwest.*

By John Bartlow Martin

CROSWELL BOWEN'S "They Went Wrong" contains six pieces of crime reporting by an expert.

The first presents the case history of a young man, Robert Brown, who was reared by the state in foster homes, an orphanage, and a reformatory; whose short life (the psychiatrists say) was dominated by a need to find his mother; and who ended imprisoned for a stick-up murder.

The second presents the case history of a young man who probably was traumatized at birth, who almost surely was traumatized by an uncommonly hideous childhood, who took refuge in violent fantasy, and who finally acted out his fantasies by killing five people during a cross-country trip.

The third relates what happens to a law-abiding—albeit not altogether lovable—citizen with the misfortune to cross a sadistic policeman.

The fourth is the profile of a kid who hangs around Times Square.

The fifth is a portrait of Homer Leslie Loomis, Jr., son of fashionable New York wealth, who became head of an American fascist organization called the Columbians.

The sixth is a picture of the release from prison of a murderer once condemned to death.

Croswell Bowen is an absolutely first-rate reporter. He is much less sure of himself in a think-piece—the book opens with an embarrassing catch-all chapter in which Bowen describes his work methods and presents a number of discredited notions about the causes of crime, such as the one that a correlation can be shown between divorce and delinquency; and the less said about this chapter the better. But when Bowen is telling you how a kid looks drinking coffee in the Automat, and how the kid views his life, nobody can excel him.

The time of these pieces is the present, the place New York. (Half the pieces originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. Bowen is a *New Yorker* staffer.) In three of the pieces the

(*Continued on page* 47)

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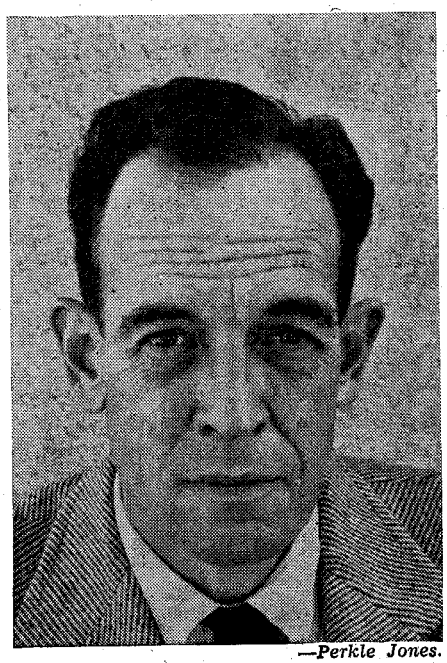
Empire State Entanglement

"The Wars of Love," by Mark Schorer *(McGraw-Hill. 174 pp. $3), is a chronicle of the complex relationships binding together three men and a woman in upstate New York, following them through their lifetimes.*

By Arthur Mizener

IN "THE WARS OF LOVE," Mark Schorer has written an intricate and intelligent work, intelligent not simply in the ideas and feelings it contains, but most evidently in the controlled structure with which he has given that substance form. His novel has, too, some of the dryness which is likely to characterize such novels.

"The Wars of Love" is the story of three boys and a girl, summer friends at an upstate New York resort. Mr. Schorer shows them as children and makes us see the elaborate structure of feelings which constitutes their unity. He then separates the narrator from the other three until they grow up; they all come together once more in New York for "Winter in the City," when they work out to a final, tragic conclusion the relations which had grown in summer. All this we are told by one of three men, Grant Norman.



—Perkie Jones.

Mark Schorer—"intricate, intelligent."

Very much in the manner of Ford Madox Ford and Conrad, Mr. Schorer has his narrator remember the scenes which show the growth and decay of these relations. At their crisis the girl, Milly, says to the narrator, "Love me again, so that I won't be worse than I am." With irony that we can fully appreciate only when the whole novel is in our minds, he tells us: "It was quite honestly that I said, 'Milly, I don't understand you. Not at all'." Just so, when a younger Milly had climbed a dangerous cliff and only he —though terrified—had dared to follow her, Milly had said to him "in a voice soft with invitation, 'Grant, come here'." And he had refused. The visible relation between these two incidents is a triumph of the novel's form. There are many like it.

THIS particular one prepares us for the end of the novel, where a carefully concealed but fully prepared surprise reveals that the novel's primary concern has always been, not the three characters that the narrator tells us about, but the narrator himself. Mr. Schorer pins it down for us when the narrator, in a moment of anguish, walks blindly out into the traffic at a crossing and is "overcome by the old terror of the cliff wall . . . and in some automatic gesture of recollection, I flung out my arms to grasp for rock as I hung." "I am," he had said on the novel's first page, ". . . an honest man. . . . Being honest, I recognize at the outset that the deepest lies are those that we do not intend, those that we do not really know we have committed." It sounds innocent enough, one of those generalizations so common in the Ford-Conrad kind of narration which generate a certain philosophical pathos. But it is not. Grant Norman's whole secret is there if we are wise enough to see it.

A few years ago Mr. Schorer wrote a preface for Knopf's reissue of Ford's "The Good Soldier"; in it he tells us, like the good critic he is, exactly what he thinks Ford's novel means. There may be some question whether his is the right explanation of "The Good Soldier," but there can be no doubt that it is the right explanation of "The Wars of Love." Mr. Schorer has himself written the novel which, in his preface, he ascribed to Ford Madox Ford.

—Madame Yevonde.

Jean Morris—"deft or serious."

His Private Guilt

"A Man and Two Gods," by Jean Morris *(Viking Press. 250 pp. $3), is the story of a man who learns, through his own experience, that the law of war and the law of peace are quite different.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

AMONG the British novelists who have matured during and after World War II, there is too sharp a cleavage between those who are deft and those who are serious. Setting aside the best novels by the best among them—Angus Wilson, Syd Chaplin, Walter Allen, and a few others I guess about rather than know thoroughly—it is a rare thing to discover a novel that isn't mostly craft or mostly insight. P. H. Newby is always serious, but what he has to say often doesn't come through because he is so careless about technique. Patrick Leigh Fermor is plain solemn and plain dull. William Sansom, even at his worst, writes like an angel but often about matters of small consequence. Perhaps this is the reason that previously neglected writers who can both communicate and illuminate (like Joyce Cary, Greene and Green, and Ivy Compton-Burnett) have seized the foreground of contemporary British fiction.

But of course the reader who comes to fiction for some other reason than

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to kill time prefers the failures who say something to the successes that leave one with a sense of nothing gained. And of course these failures of whom I speak are only partial failures. They write brilliantly at times, have published long passages that are worth "perfectly" composed slighter novels, interest the intelligent reader who knows that failure in one sense or another is the counterpart of trying to say something complex and important—as Jean Morris, in her first and significant and awkward novel, pertinently illustrates.

MISS MORRIS'S theme in "A Man and Two Gods" is as contemporary as the Cold War, as old as the "Oresteia" of Aeschylus. Can one expect more than mercy from men, should one want more than justice from God? In human affairs there is a law for war and a law for peace. They seem to contradict each other and to be equally unjust, as seemed the gods who compelled Orestes to kill his mother and the other gods who punished him for doing so.

The man between two gods in Miss Morris's novel is Richard Bering, a conscientious objector who changed his mind, became a soldier, reluctantly killed a spy who was going to betray the secrets of Bering's country that could be any country. Since his murder or act of execution or of patriotism took place in time of peace when his nation wished to keep up the appearance of amity, Bering is condemned to death. When, a week before his execution, war breaks out with the country whose spy he has killed Richard is released and commanded to receive his nation's highest medal of honor. What goes on in his mind (and in the minds of the other characters) when he realizes he is a modern Orestes, condemned and praised for the same act, makes highly interesting and relevant reading for anyone who knows where we are and where we may go. The tempo of modern life—packing several eras into a lifetime—makes Orestes' of us all.

The impatient reader who depends on the first third of a book to tell him whether the rest is worth going through will miss the very good things in "A Man and Two Gods." Too many characters, scenes, clichés, and irrelevancies clutter the opening pages. Even later the man who expects total harmony will object to scenes that suggest the stereotyped thriller, to many of the characters who continue to be presented flatly in terms of a single dominant trait. But the problem and the Richard Bering who personifies it justify a novel that as a whole reveals an unperfected talent worth perfecting.

The Fall of the Yellow Book

"The House of Gair," by Eric Linklater *(Harcourt, Brace. 251 pp. $3.50), chronicles the melodramatic end of a man who made a fortune writing novels that were never published.*

By Harrison Smith

ERIC LINKLATER is a remarkably versatile Scotchman who has written with equal felicity novels and autobiographies that have conveyed his own zest for life, though he is capable of restraining his ebullient style to suit the mood of his story. In two of his earlier, and perhaps best-known, novels, "Juan in America" and "Juan in China," he can be readily identified as the principal character traveling under a pseudonym across two continents. But no one could be more unlike Mr. Linklater than the reticent and introverted hero of his new novel, "The House of Gair." Stephen Cougat is a mildly celebrated novelist who was living in solitary misanthropy in a tidy old cottage in the highlands, solitarily because his unfaithful wife had eloped with her latest lover. It is obvious that no intelligent young woman could have lived long with so arid a man as Steven without wanting to run away from him.

One fateful evening Steven's ancient car ran out of gas, and he had to spend the night in the home of Hazleton Crome, master of an ancient and remote mansion known as Gair House. Crome he was able to identify as the author of a late nineteenth-century satirical novel greatly admired by the devotees of the *Yellow Book* and the critics of the time. Old Mr. Crome had read Steven's work, and his effusive compliments won the younger man's affection. There were two servants in Gair House, the cook, a Spanish woman who had once been Crome's mistress, and a shy, red-headed maid who would have been strikingly beautiful if she had not had an atrociously ugly harelip. Crome proved to be a born midnight conversationalist whose anecdotes of the dead past were tinged with malice.

When Steven could escape, he took his host's only published book home with him to read. He asked himself why a man who in his youth had written so brilliantly had only one book to his credit and why he appeared to be so affluent. On his next visit he discovered the reason. Many of the wealthy and titled Englishmen and -women to whom he had had access had scandals locked in their closets which they would pay any amount of money not to have revealed. Crome had written several malicious novels under various pen names, using the material he had at hand, and a confederate would then suggest to his victims that his next book would tell all. He had lived for years on blackmail; and when, after the World War, nobody was interested in scandals, he found another source of funds in the sale to wealthy Californians of spurious paintings, attributed to modern masters.

CROME'S nephew was a charming and handsome young criminal who took large sums of money from rich old ladies, including, Steven discovered, his own aunt on whose bequest he was depending for his future security. When Steven returned to Gair House to confront the old man with his perfidy, he found him living in terror of his nephew, who was hiding there. The old house was charged with the threat of violence and death. When the explosion came, it swept everything away with it, the old man, his nephew, and his maid, and the house itself was burned to the ground.

Mr. Linklater's frightening termination of his story is a holocaust that would not be convincing if he had not led up to it so deftly in his previous chapters. In addition to its fascinating and odd characters and its tightly-knit plot, "The House of Gair" is one of the most convincing and well-written novels of suspense of the new year.

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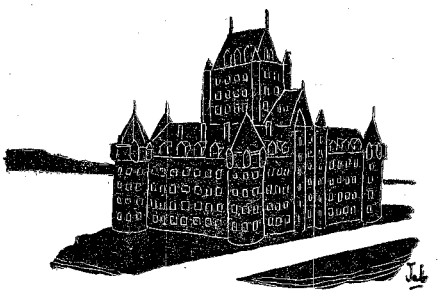
Ghostly Ghostwriter

***"Children of the Wind," by Burgess Drake** (J. B. Lippincott. 352 pp. $3.50), is a fantasy about her mother and the lives of her two children who, it so happens, were never born.*

By Charles Lee

THE SURPRISING psychical spree Burgess Drake takes in his novel, "Children of the Wind," will delight those who respond to the other-worldly allurements of a Robert Nathan or a Ray Bradbury. An off-beat novel of violence, humor, and magic, it has a whispery spell that is expertly maintained throughout the long narrative. Its characters, even the ghostly ones, have charm and vitality. Indeed, the book is so insistently haunting that long after one has turned the last page he may move in wonder through echoes, shadows, and "the breathing dusk." He may also avoid locked attics and the dankier cellars.

The action takes place in the vast English estate of Chelling Close, and centers around the semi-tragic figure of Lady Hilary, whose repressed maternalism seeks comfort in dreaming about her aborted twins. The twins, "kindled into life" but never born, are slowly brooded into hallucinatory being by the unhappy woman and given the names of Janet and Trixy.



More attractive wraiths one could never hope to meet: Janet, "flame-eyed" and "flitter-foot"; Trixy, a scampering elf "with a face like April."

Nor are Trixy's unusual talents exhausted in mere poltergeistian prankishness (he's excellent with beetles, buttons, and mice), for he is a writer, too. He is, in fact, the narrator of "Children of the Wind." His account of how he and Janet develop from a mere melancholy breath of maternal fancy into invisible creatures with power over mind and matter is done with aerial humors and enchanting grace. Mr. Drake could not have employed a more artful or amusing ghostwriter.

But amusement is only part of Trixy's story; he has also terror and melodrama to offer. Chelling Close harbors an "air edged with battle." And all sorts of people roam its fifty rooms as if to sharpen it. Lady Hilary's solemn husband, a Cabinet minister who finds nature "disgusting," clanks about it in his armor of rectitude. Her mother, who lives "in a white anger of silence," has a troubled conscience to contend with and prowls about, in her gloomy shimmer of black silk, looking for the key to the morbid nursery that has become the home within the home for her tormented daughter. Lady Hilary's impressionable nephew, an artistic genius, falls under her spell and actually succeeds in catching on canvas an ethereal likeness of the floating luminescence that is Janet—whose intense love for him, however, is not returned. And Dame Geraldine, an authority on the occult and an expert exorciser, joins forces with the local vicar, a droll achievement in caricature, in an effort to thwart the "materializations" of Lady Hilary's slipping mind.

Things come to a climax when her nephew, defiantly unwilling to come to terms with the other-world, insists on bringing his fiancee into Chelling Close. Janet becomes flame indeed at this denial of herself, and Trixy, romper no more but historian, sets himself to record the strange chronicle of their passage in time. Tenderness is in it, along with gaieties, dark angers, high and low comedy, and a dance of the imagination.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 561

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 561 will be found in the next issue.

IV XWWKZKXVZF TXHKNX

ZIV'O JX TSV PKOCGSO I

WXP CXTGXD DOSZL IJGSO

OG ZITTF GWW OCX

YSAAVXDD.—X. N. WGTDOXT

Answer to No. 560

A woman's heart, like the moon, is always changing, but there is always a man in it.—Punch.

Island Taint

***"The Orchid House," by P. Shand Allfrey** (E. P. Dutton. 223 pp. $3), tells of the tragedy that befalls an ancient British West Indian household during a family reunion.*

By Sara Henderson Hay

THE Island was "more beautiful than a dream, for in a dream you cannot smell this divine spiciness, you cannot stand in a mist of aromatic warmth and stare through jungle twigs to a spread of distant town, so distant that people seem to have no significance; you cannot drown your eyes in a cobalt sea, a sea with the blinding gold of the sun for a boundary. . . ." The Island is a real island, in the West Indies, one of the group of Windward Islands off the coast of Venezuela, under the British Crown. And P. Shand Allfrey, who grew up in it, has re-created in "The Orchid House" the haunting magic of its lush beauty, the exuberant and vivid colors, the violence, the decadence, the passion, and the terrible enervating quality which lurks in its warm tropic airs.

"The Orchid House" is the story of a family caught in the Island's spell, and especially the story of the three grown daughters who, having broken away from it by marriage, are drawn back for a simultaneous visit, each for her own reason and purpose. The narrator is their old nurse, Lally, one of the last of those devoted family retainers who lived in and for their white employers; Lally, who in another setting would have been "Mammy" speaking of her white children. The tragedy which engulfed the household stems from the Master's return after the First World War, shattered and broken in mind and spirit, and, as the reader learns gradually from Lally's account, the victim of drugs supplied by the sinister Mr. Lilipoulala, a periodic visitor whom as children the girls had instinctively hated and dreaded.

Through Lally's eyes and ears, in a mingling of memory and actual present, the reader is drawn into a web of horror and pitiable tragedy, into a drama which, though in part unresolved, concludes in an affirmative note. Against the background of Lally's narrative, the characters and personalities of the three girls and their absent husbands are drawn: Stella, the eldest, emotional and impulsive, who returns with her young son from the alien snows of a Maine farm; Joan and her six-year-old Ned, Joan, with the burning social conscience, who wants

(*Continued on page* 55)

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Words and Masks

"Mimesis," by Erich Auerbach *(translated by Willard R. Trask. Princeton University Press. 563 pp. $7.50), is on one level a study of the evolution of narrative style from Homer to Virginia Woolf; on another, a study of the evolution of reality in literature. Our reviewer, William Barrett, is associate editor of* The Partisan Review.

By William Barrett

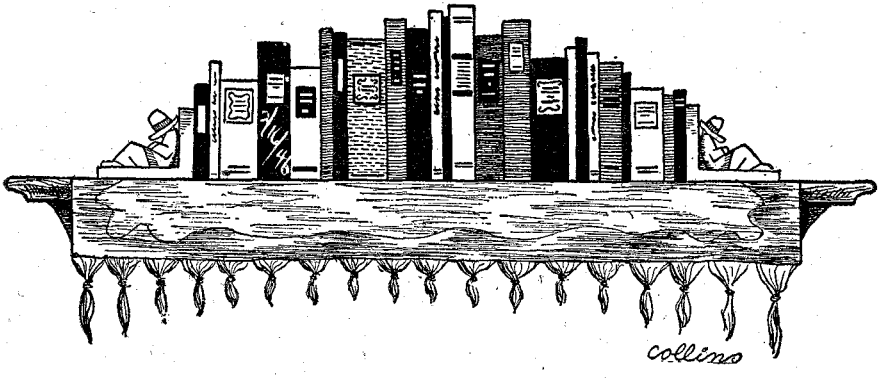
IT HAS been argued recently, by Malcolm Cowley and others, that ours is an Alexandrian Age—an age of rhetoricians, critics, and grammarians but not of great primary creative talents—like those long centuries of decadence after the conquests of Alexander. This seems to me an altogether too facile generalization. It is true that the grammarians of the New Criticism have taken over in our universities, that our shelves groan under the weight of books about books and critics on critics, and that the great period of creative ferment in literature that began about the time of the First World War has just about spent itself. But there are too many other facts—modern industry and science included—that give a historical dynamism to our period altogether different from the static and repetitive character of Alexandrian civilization; and we are, after all, only a few years away from the creative ferment of the 1920's, whereas Alexandria went on for centuries without anything like a really new talent emerging. One thing we can almost always be sure of is that history never repeats itself.

But if we are doomed to become more and more Alexandrian in the years ahead, let us at least, for heaven's sake, have great critics if we're not to have great creators. Erich Auerbach is a great critic; his book, "Mimesis," is a great work of literary criticism (perhaps the best that I have read in the last ten years), and it is thoroughly Alexandrian in spirit. Professor Auerbach is a philologist, but a philologist in the Alexandrian sense of a mind capable of making great and penetrating analyses of the nature of the human spirit as revealed in language and literature. (While we are tossing the word Alexandrian around so casually, let us remember that some of the Alexandrian grammarians were no picayune intellects.) Thus on the surface this book appears to be merely a study of the evolution of narrative style from Homer to Virginia Woolf; but under Professor Auerbach's probing, the style of a writer is dependent upon his view of reality, and investigating the problem of style we are plunged into the world and the spirit of each writer examined.

Like most great books, this has a very simple plan, although the detail that Professor Auerbach weaves around it has the richness of ornamentation of a Gothic cathedral. The Greeks distinguished between the high and the low style, the former reserved for the sublime and heroic events depicted in epic and tragedy, the latter assigned to the realism of everyday life, so that wherever there is a realistic treatment of ordinary life in the literature of antiquity the effect is always intended to be comic. This dichotomy of the two styles held sway over the writers of Western Europe down to about the year 1800, when modern realism in fiction began to treat the realities of everyday life as tragic, grand, and sublime, as the case might be. Thus the emergence of realistic narrative in the form of the modern novel really upset the whole classic tradition of the West. It was also something of a spiritual revolution that writers could now compose tragedies about daily life.

BUT Professor Auerbach, with the eye of an imaginative scholar, does not leave matters here. He traces back the origin of the lowly style to the Bible and the stories of the New Testament, for in the narrative of the latter, particularly, the most lowly events, like the birth of a child in a manger, are treated as the most sublime occurrences in the history of the human race. And this particular tradition of narrative is kept alive through the Middle Ages in the mystery plays which deal with the very homely life of the Savior and His family, but in a style that is, at the same time, meant in its own way to be sublime. The fact that modern realism is merely the emergence again of this older non-classical tradition is just another of those startling transformations of which history offers so many.

The range of this book is extraordinary: Homer, the Bible, Petronius, medieval romance and mystery plays, Dante, Rabelais, Cervantes, Stendhal, Virginia Woolf, and many others; and with each of these writers Professor Auerbach is on terms of thorough and close intimacy. The writing is close, analytic, sharply focused on the significant detail, but always unified by a simple total vision of the writer and his place in the tradition of Western literature. The book cannot be breezed through rapidly, for each of the chapters is a unified essay in itself. It is, rather, the kind of book you will want to keep beside your desk to read over and over again as a kind of guide to all your other reading in fiction. My own feeling is that the book will become in time a kind of Bible for critics of fiction everywhere. And let not the reader be frightened away by a first impression of heaviness or crabbedness about the style; once you have got into this book, it unfolds with the excitement of a great imaginative work, for it is, after all, telling a very great story itself: the evolution of the idea of "reality" in its most intimate and compelling expression, which is literature.



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Survey from Valhalla

"Humanities," by Desmond MacCarthy *(Oxford University Press. 222 pp. $3.50), is a second volume of posthumous essays, mostly about writers and writing, by a distinguished English literary critic. Here it is reviewed by W. T. Scott, sometime literary editor of the* Providence Journal.

By W. T. Scott

THE qualities which distinguish the late Desmond MacCarthy's criticism can be pinpointed almost anywhere in his work—the qualities which give it its great sense of responsibility. "Humanities," the second posthumous collection drawn from his many years of journalism, is illustrative of his integrity which has persuasiveness because it lacks self-importance. Moreover, Sir Desmond's air of detachment never belies the high seriousness of the arts: on the contrary, his good humor assumes that standards of excellence in writing are a concern of any civilized people.

For instance, when he is annoyed with a judgment by his friend Arnold Bennett, he is annoyed for the good of the race. Bennett, in one of his immensely influential causeries in the London *Evening Standard,* had casually remarked that Leslie Stephen was only a fairish editor and was, besides, a tedious critic. "That," responds MacCarthy, "was not only a silly thing to say, not only a statement about as far from the truth as the assertion that Mr. Bennett cannot describe the Five Towns, but it was also a most pernicious thing to say."

Then, after a quick but detailed defense of Stephen's achievements, Sir Desmond comes to his essential point of the harm done by "the destructive sniff." He says, "These overconfident side-blows are pernicious because it is precisely the standard of what is excellent in criticism, biography and history, and thought that is today so confused. The rewards of putting fundamental brainwork and precisely expressed sensibility into such works are slender enough already, for in the spate of books good and bad tend to be washed past us together. If men like Mr. Bennett do not stop to notice in Leslie Stephen the ponderable merits of intellect, integrity, and thoroughness, our culture is in a bad way; and it is, after all, the 'culture' of an age which contributes most to making the lives of its children worth living."

That is how seriously, yet how impersonally, Sir Desmond took his task.

When he quotes Vernon Lee on the "human superiority" of the greatest writers, we come upon his justification for a criticism always interested both in the thing accomplished and the man behind his work. "It is of course," he goes on, "not his behavior in private life which is evidence of his value, but the personality which acts upon us through his works." All chaster theories of criticism to the contrary, Sir Desmond always apparently believed that biography, history, sociology, economics, even gossip, and anything else relevant could contribute to the value of literary consideration.

AND then there is his sense of humility. This is displayed in a charming chapter, "Reviewers and Professors," in which he plays at gently directing a would-be reviewer to a continuing pursuit of education because "we are coral insects building the reef that protects the lagoon of literature from the restless sea of nonsense and confusion. . . . If you are not content to be an insect too, I won't employ you, and you must try your luck as a genius."

Desmond MacCarthy himself dreamed in his youth of greater literary achievements than book and theatre reviewing; in his old age he thought little of all the journalism which had occupied his life. He was disappointed, but he was not embittered. Lord David Cecil records these things in a preface to "Humanities," and the same were recorded by Messrs. Mortimer and Connolly in their prefaces to the earlier posthumous collection, "Memories." All three loyally and forgivably seek to redress the balance by placing MacCarthy among the immortals of English criticism.

More likely Sir Desmond's calmer view of himself is nearer accuracy. We see him at his best in some of these papers—praising Chekhov and Ibsen, writing down D'Annunzio, delighting in plays by Cocteau and Joyce, finding Eliot's criticism narrowing, reminding us that Leigh Hunt had his merits, disliking Poe, discovering and defining Katherine Mansfield, and so on—and that best is the very best of contemporary journalism. These reviews are the acts of an informed, intelligent man, passionate amid human limitations for sensible judgment. That they are not profound explorations of the arts but rather a skilful commentary upon the arts means that they have served their time. That, being honest, is to have accomplished a good deal; no matter how anonymous, in the long view, remains the contribution to the protective coral reef.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE TIE THAT BINDS

The Editorial Department of the University of North Carolina Press, at Chapel Hill, submits the names of twenty novelists or playwrights here divided into ten pairs. Each individual in each pair has produced a work having in its title a word which also appears in a work produced by the other member of the pair (*e.g.*, John Dos Passos and William Faulkner: "Three Soldiers" and "Soldiers' Pay"). Five correct answers will be considered good, six handsome, and seven or better will indicate that you have total recall, or darned near it. Answers on page 33.

1. Ernest Hemingway and G. B. Shaw
2. John Steinbeck and Somerset Maugham
3. Upton Sinclair and Thornton Wilder
4. Norman Douglas and Kenneth Grahame
5. Erskine Caldwell and Richard Halliburton
6. Paul Green and Caroline Miller
7. James Michener and F. Scott Fitzgerald
8. Eugene O'Neill and Tennessee Williams
9. John Hersey and John Van Druten
10. James Hilton and Ben Ames Williams

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Genius's Climax

"John Keats: The Living Year," by Robert Gittings *(Harvard University Press. 247 pp. $3.50), is a British poet-scholar's reconstruction of Keats's activities, Sept. 1818-Sept. 1819, the most important twelvemonth in his career. Here it is reviewed by Hyder E. Rollins, professor of English at Harvard University and co-compiler of "Keats and the Bostonians."*

By Hyder E. Rollins

EVERYBODY appears to be interested in Keats, about whom far too many articles and books are published for the comfort even of specialists in nineteenth-century literature. "The Living Year," however, will please specialists and casual readers alike. Into its small compass Robert Gittings has packed much old material plus much that is fresh and stimulating—far more than, offhand, one would have thought possible. Himself a poet, and hence exceptionally well equipped to write about the work of another poet, he is also a first-rate scholar. At times, indeed, his style has some of the defects—like dulness—popularly supposed always to accompany scholarship; and such expressions as "at about the time," "he stayed the night in Town," "the next day was Keats's longest lie in bed" ring leadenly on the ear. Occasionally, too, he apparently thinks of his book not as scholarship or criticism but as a popular novel directed at the multitude, and the thought leads him to open a chapter with the deplorable jargon, "Keats's heart sank as his friend's coach clattered off."

The twenty short chapters, with a Prologue and an Epilogue, give almost a day-by-day chronicle of Keats's life and writing from September 1818 to September 1819, the "living year" in which he composed practically all the poems that establish him among the major poets of the world. They offer a remarkable assortment of familiar details enlivened with new facts, attractive theories, and fresh criticism. Mrs. Isabella Jones, who has hitherto been completely ignored by the poet's biographers, is shown to have been the "lady from Hastings" mentioned in Keats's letters, the heroine of "Hush! Hush! Tread Softly" and "St. Agnes" (the composition of which she suggested while Keats was spending St. Agnes Eve 1818 in her rooms), and a serious rival of Fanny Brawne. The three letters Mr. Gittings prints from Mrs. Jones and the one letter from her so-called protector, "the jealous old bald-pate," Donal O'Callaghan, whet one's appetite for more information about the beautiful, if enigmatic, "Isabel." She was a woman of parts!

The chapters describing Keats's visit to Chichester and Stansted in January-February 1819 are absorbingly interesting, although it may be doubted whether a sick man could have crammed into three nights and two days an assignation with Mrs. Jones, an exhausting day-long coach trip to Chichester, two evening card parties, the writing of two or parts of two poems, and a detailed examination of Mrs. Mary Lacy's house, with its adjoining crypt, and of the old cathedral. Nonetheless, Mrs. Lacy, Chichester Cathedral, and the Jew-converter, Louis Way, with his astonishing house and chapel, will henceforth be firmly anchored among the "sources" of several of Keats's poems. Most readers of the book will long to see for themselves in Way's chapel the diamonded casement high and triple-arched at which Keats stared while he should have been listening attentively to the sermonizing of the Bishop of Gloucester. Then, too, the elaborate discussion of how his reading in Burton's "Anatomy" and how his rereading the letters he had sent his brother Tom from Scotland fired his imagination and illuminated his verse is source-hunting, at times criticism, at its best. Mr. Gittings writes so informatively and persuasively about the creative processes behind Keats's verse that it would not greatly matter if some of his details and theories were proved to be incorrect. His book is a tour de force. He should follow it with a full-scale study of all the living and dying years of John Keats.

—*Culver.*

Wordsworth—"tangle of literary life."

School of Nature

"Wordsworth's Prelude," by Abbie Findlay Potts *(Cornell University Press. 392 pp. $6), is a critical examination of his one work that holds the key to his life and poetry.*

By Ben Ray Redman

"THE PRELUDE," Ernest de Selincourt has written, "is the essential living document for the interpretation of Wordsworth's life and poetry; any details, therefore, that can be gathered of the manner and circumstances of its composition must be of interest alike to biographer and critic." It is with the manner of the poem's composition—chiefly with the manner in which Wordsworth used his knowledge of "his elder poets"—that Professor Abbie Findlay Potts is concerned in "Wordsworth's Prelude: A Study of Its Literary Form." Her concern has brought into being a book that is filled with information, ingenious speculation, and suggestions.

One cannot read very far in "The Prelude," either with the help of a well-stocked memory or with the aid of Selincourt's notes, without discovering that literature and life were inextricably mingled in the substance of Wordsworth's poetry; that his experience of other men's poems was as real to him as his adventures in revolutionary France.

Almost all poets go to school to their elders for a time; indeed, most poetry in its beginnings, like much of life, is an imitative act. Wordsworth was a precocious pupil in this field; and while he was writing the original version of "The Prelude" (1798-1799, 1804-1805) he often returned for guidance, inspiration, and refreshment to the masters of his boyhood. As a result, "the greatest English autobiography of the nineteenth century" resounds with echoes of Milton and Shakespeare and Spenser that will be recognized by not too learned ears. But there are other echoes of these same poets, and of many others, that are not so easily identified; there are other influences at work, other operative affiliations—and it is in connection with these that Professor Potts has served us well.

Her aim has been nothing less than to thread "the tangle of literary life out of which 'The Prelude' itself grew strong"; to show us "the way in which the mind Wordsworth dealt with what he called 'the great Nature that exists in the works of the mighty Poets' "; and to trace the steps of "Words-

(*Continued on page* 33)

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The Saturday Review

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Teaching a Civilization

YALE UNIVERSITY has recently announced a program to spur "a powerful revival of the liberal arts" in American high schools through enhancement of the university's training program for teachers. The project is to be financed by a three-year grant of $450,000 from the Ford Foundation and a five-year grant of $250,000 from the Carnegie Corporation, is to be supervised by a special advisory committee on teacher training, and is to include an exhaustive study of the needs of the country in secondary liberal arts education.

This is good news for those who believe that in the present-day world of convulsive political events and consequent uncertainties men and women stand more than ever in need of those internal resources which alone can buttress their personal lives against the pressure and menace of public issues. They stand in need of those very things the liberal arts bestow: beauty and elevation of thought, and the understanding that comes from knowledge of the past as well as the present.

The liberal arts quite naturally have suffered during the past four decades of war and war's alarms when education has perforce become constantly more practical and science has usurped constantly growing attention. Possibly this decline in emphasis on the liberal arts in education is an inevitable concomitant of democracy and of a nation in which education is adjusted to the needs of the many instead of to the taste of a privileged few. For a "liberal education," indeed, has always in the main been the good fortune of the leisured and the secure, of those who can afford to spend time upon study which feeds the mind rather than on that directed specifically to securing the shortest cut to a livelihood. And today when the male youth of the nation is faced with a two-year period of military service before it can look forward to uninterrupted concentration on whatever occupations it may choose there is an easily understandable drive toward the type of education which will most rapidly overcome the time lost in beginning a career. Anything which does not conduce to as prompt an attack upon the business of life as possible is regarded as mere luxury.

IT IS one of the anomalous and contradictory features of American civilization that even as the study of the liberal arts has declined in our institutions of learning the arts themselves have reached a place never before attained in our country. The magnificent collections which have sprung up in museums scattered throughout the land, the growth of orchestras in the cities, the ubiquity of lectures on all subjects, the expanding influence of music and literature through radio and television and recording, the far-flung libraries—these have all opened up worlds unknown to an earlier America. They are undoubtedly building a public literate to an extent that it never was before, but it is one whose literacy is as yet only skin deep, for it lacks the evocative power of knowledge, that immense enrichment of enjoyment and usefulness which comes from the connotative value of facts and example.

In this country, where education is universal and where a great proportion of the population continues beyond the elementary school and a large part through the secondary, it should be possible to build some background of that liberal arts knowledge essential to fuller realization of the opportunities so lavishly offered to the public. It is through the schools, especially the high schools, that its dissemination is most possible on a wide scale. But the schools are hard beset to keep up with the demands upon their facilities, and the teachers equally hard pressed to maintain their schedules. The latter have little time, once they have begun their teaching, to broaden their own education or to pursue further the subjects which they must communicate to their pupils. Therefore, the more careful their preliminary training, the more generous it is in outlook, the more embracing in information, the more likelihood will there be of the schools attaining the standard which will make them a quickening influence on American life and a well-spring of strength to the American people. A project such as that undertaken by Yale should prove of inestimable value in searching out the needs of our high schools and equipping a teaching force to meet them, and it should fulfil President Griswold's hope that "in restoring the liberal arts to their rightful place in American education" it will add impetus to other forms of learning.

—A. L.

Carnegie Hall

By Leonora Speyer

IS THIS music?
I who have lived it, loved it,
Known it so well;
Who hummed it and chirruped it,
Prattled its theme (so they tell),
Many days before word or phrase,
Before thought began?

Yes, this is music, Missis!
Gray woman listening there,
Live it and love it,
Know it as then;
Call it by name, this assemblage
of sound,
Geometrics of mind,
Loud syntax—
Hum it now, if you can!

And say,
This is today.
Today and tomorrow.
This is not yesterday.

You, sitting there,
Acquiescent and gay,
Program and spectacles sliding along
your lap—

Say,
Yes, this is music.
Clap, old musician,
Clap!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

IT WAS INTERESTING that the death of Frederick Lewis Allen, former editor of *Harper's Magazine*, was a page-one story in *The New York Times* of February 14.

In addition to being one of the best editors in the country, Mr. Allen was also a successful writer and a historian of distinction. But there are other first-class editors, writers, historians; few will make page one in the *Times* at their death. Perhaps he was important simply because he was a good man, and there aren't so many around that we can afford to lose one. For he was never doctrinaire, never dogmatic. He had what the French call *mesure,* balance; he was a civilized person as well as a good one. He never flounted his political beliefs, yet in his books he always looked ahead with hope, never backward with regret. He had a faith in America. Instinctively, everyone who touched him was the better for it, everyone who read him or listened to him recognized his goodness and his integrity.

JOHN R. TUNIS.

Naples, Fla.

MESCALIN AND SOMA

HOW DEVASTATINGLY IRONIC if Aldous Huxley is really serious in his advocacy of this miracle nostrum called mescalin [*SR* Feb. 6]. To anyone who has read his "Brave New World" his description of mescalin will seem remarkably reminiscent of *soma,* the soothing, consummate cure-all consumed in quantity by the perfectly happy inheritors of the kingdom of Our Ford—a mechanistic, unimaginative, super-rational realm much worse than hell could possibly be.

Things are *really* in a mess when the man who wrote about the brave new world has come around to promoting a salient feature of what he once satirized, and this is precisely what he is doing when he says that "what is needed is a new drug which will relieve and console our suffering species without doing more harm in the long run than it does good in the short." But no doubt in this twenty-fifth hour it is already too late to protest; in my opinion the book "Brave New World" is no longer a prognosis, but a diagnosis, and Huxley has obligingly helped to substantiate my contention by becoming one of the symptoms.

DEAN PEERMAN.

Ithaca, N. Y.

FACT FROM FICTION

MAY I CONGRATULATE YOU on the timely presentation of both sides of the debate on "Should American History Be Rewritten?" [*SR* Feb. 6]. As Matthew Josephson has indicated, this question must be considered against the background of the unhealthy climate of public opinion today. In the days ahead we are going to find an increasing difficulty in distinguishing fact from fiction. Mr. Josephson's commentary on Allan Nevins's thesis can be considered as a lesson in distinguishing between history and propaganda.

ALBERT ROWE.

Pittsfield, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But, Cicero, I'm positive Catiline is just a harmless liberal."

PERILS OF REWRITING HISTORY

MR. NEVINS'S PROPOSAL to rewrite history is simply a demand that historians fit their work to the popular currents of the time. He does not ask that they reexamine the evidence and write the truth as they see it. Instead he asks them to aim at proving a certain point which he himself believes. . . . There is something definitely wrong with suggesting that historians write from any *one* point of view—that they all sit down and set out to prove that the industrialists or the labor unions, the Democrats or Republicans, the church or the agnostics, or anyone else are right. It is dangerous to ask that those who write history alter their ideas to fit the current political trends of the day. It is particularly perilous to do this in the present climate of opinion. . . . Each historian should, of course, rewrite history as he sees it. This is his privilege and his duty. But there should not be a movement to rewrite history from any one point of view. And those who study the long struggle of man should not yield to the passions and prejudices of the present.

MRS. M. R. OLIVER.

Watch Hill, R. I.

TOO ANGELIC

I should like to find more realism and virtue than I do in the Overstreets' article on the "Creative Handling of Conflict" [*SR* Feb. 20]. Alas, in my personal experience the hostility which has caused me much distress will not yield to the noble technique prescribed by the gentle humanists. Lincoln's "malice toward none, charity toward all," like the Overstreet formula, is too angelic for me, and I simply can't apply it. Rather do I justify hostility by pleading, to myself, Solomon's saying: "Answer a fool according to his folly." This is the natural human reaction. . . . There is, after all, such an emotion as righteous indignation.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

La Jolla, Calif.

ENCOURAGING SPIRITUAL PHENOMENON

MACK MORRIS'S REVIEW of Billy Graham's new book, "Peace with God" [*SR* Feb. 13], is well written and presents a fair and objective look at what many people feel to be a truly encouraging spiritual phenomenon in our day.

HOWARD BUTT.

Corpus Christi, Texas

CONSTRUCTIVE GANGS

IN "WHY THEY GO WRONG" [*SR* Feb. 27] Croswell Bowen says: "If we can find a method of setting up gangs with constructive purposes, we can help solve our juvenile-delinquency problem." Mr. Bowen omits mention of the one organization which advocated the same solution years before his present article, the Boy Scouts of America. In the "Handbook for Scoutmasters," 1938 edition, published by the Boy Scouts of America, there is the following quotation: "Boys want to be a vital part of a gang—their own gang, under their own leadership. Part of the genius of Scouting is that it has recognized this. The boy as he enters the Movement is accepted by fellows into a true boys' gang, the Scout Patrol."

(REV.) HOWARD A. WATERHOUSE.

Indian Lake, N. Y.

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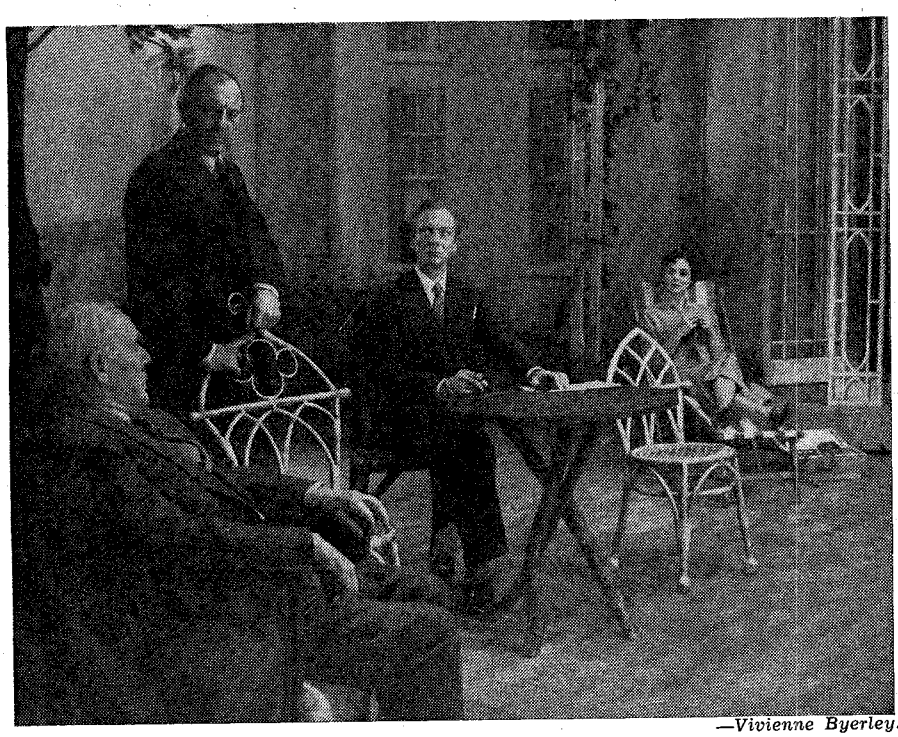
BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Flight to the West End



—Vivienne Byerley.

Lewis Casson, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Irene Worth—"English-mixed Chekhov."

LONDON.

THANKS to the constantly increasing efficiency of air travel, doing a quick week of London theatre is getting to be as simple as running up to Boston for an out-of-town opening. After you have picked a week that does not conflict with any of your American commitments the first step is to get in touch with a ticket agency in New York that has a working arrangement with one in London. (For instance McBride's in New York will book seats for anyone through Keith Prowse, Ltd., and will charge only the smaller London premium of forty-two cents, or less, a ticket.) One important thing to remember, however, is that London agencies receive only a very small allotment of tickets to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford, so that orders for seats to any of their five attractions ("Othello," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Troilus and Cressida") should be placed as far in advance as possible.

The next step is the flight to London. I attended the Kabuki Dancers in New York on Saturday evening, and spent most of Sunday with members of my family, who for some reason acted as if their nominal head was about to depart for the moon. Then, at 5 P.M., I boarded one of BOAC's "Monarch" flights and settled down to a smooth non-stop flight to London which was interrupted only by the furiously bubbling champagne that came with the filet mignon. By 10:30 Monday morning I was established in a London hotel room and impatiently awaiting my first matinee, which was to be the Christmas pantomime performance of "Cinderella."

The English pantomime is a unique entertainment which weds music hall and the fairy-tale. It is filled with rituals and traditions. No American should miss it. No Englishman does. Another joyous event, and the most difficult attraction to get seats for in London, is "The Boy Friend." This affectionate lampoon of musical comedies of the 1920's is a brilliant piece of work by its author, Sandy Wilson, its dance arranger, John Heawood (what a relief not to have to call him "choreographer"), its director, Vida Hope, and its designer, Reginald Woolly. They and their cast manage to call attention to all the foibles of old-fashioned musical-comedy-making without the foible of calling attention to themselves. While it is all ridiculously funny, particularly when a saucer-eyed Charleston-crazy girl named Denise Hurst is onstage, it is so close to the truth that there is heartwarming nostalgia here not only for those old enough to remember the Scott Fitzgerald days, but for those of us whose lives are less carefree for having missed them.

On the non-musical stage, almost all of England's finest actors and actresses are or will be playing in London by mid-April. For the first time in West End theatre history four knighted performers are appearing in one play. Sir John Gielgud, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Sir Lewis Casson are all featured along with Irene Worth in "A Day by the Sea." Written by N. C. Hunter, it is considered by the London critics to be an improvement over his earlier "Waters of the Moon." The play itself is interesting as an example of English-mixed Chekhov. It takes place in the environs of a house in Dorset, where its characters "inhabit a sort of vegetable world." As in Chekhov, they have all either wasted their lives or are merely marking time as they await a peaceful passing. And as in Chekhov, it is filled with parts that actors love to play. Gielgud makes the difficult transition from a slightly uncomfortable career diplomat to a piteous middle-aged failure with eloquence. He is truly moving when at the picnic he tells an official that his sudden bit of bad news is "incongruous here among the doughnuts." Richardson manages a great deal of sly humor as the gin-drinking doctor who reminds us that "as long as we're lucky we're respectable." Sybil Thorndike is wonderfully half-gay half-sad with her marvelously musical voice quickly sliding up two octaves on occasion. Her brightness and agility are to be envied and copied by a host of elderly actresses. Lewis Casson makes a gem out of the part of the deaf and irascible old uncle. His walk is like a self-propelling directionless toy on an inclined plane and the rebellious way he slaps an old hat down over his head is wonderful theatre.

OVER at the Old Vic that rising young actor Richard Burton appears to be developing steadily. In "Twelfth Night" he is having a field day as Sir Toby Belch and even goes so far as to climb the scenery during the scene where he is watching Malvolio read the letter. Michael Hordern is a sour choleric Malvolio, and his attempts to behave like a lover are ludicrously funny. Since he never gets our sympathy, we can laugh at him with no conscience to restrict us. Another source of laughter in an England that is having front-page headlines about trouble in the Near East is this prophetic line from "Twelfth Night": "Thou art more puzzled than the

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—Walter Winchell
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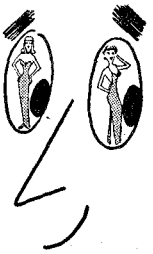

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BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

Egyptians in their fog." On the side of comedy, Claire Bloom still has much to learn, but give her a melancholy line such as the famous "patience on a monument" speech, and her lyrical sadness is unsurpassed by any young actress I have seen.

Perhaps most interesting to Americans will be the opportunity to compare the recent Phoenix Theatre production of "Coriolanus" with Michael Benthall's Old Vic version. As might be expected, the English speak it far better than the Americans and bother less with the psychological sources of Coriolanus's behavior. Robert Ryan, in New York, was the pathetic victim of war and his own inability to control his emotions. Richard Burton, in London, is the tragic proponent of uncorrupted strength and honor. During the course of the play Burton has some fine moments. In the "shall" speech, where he faces down the plebeian leaders, we see for the first time a Burton who thinks through what he is saying. In the early duel, where he fights Aufidius and his seconds, Burton becomes so fierce that his sword strikes sparks. However, he lacks stamina, and after the exercise can hardly say his lines for want of breath.

Of the other fine performances in London, perhaps the best are those of Pamela Brown, Paul Scofield, and Gladys Cooper in "A Question of Fact," by Wynyard Browne, who previously wrote "The Holly and the Ivy." The play concerns the effect on a new marriage by the revelation to the husband that his deceased father had been hanged for murder. It has spots of very fine acting. Pamela Brown, one of the world's finest comic actresses, shows that she can turn her talents to more sober material with good effect. Paul Scofield is magnificently melancholy as the husband, but needs a director who will bring out the kind of strength he showed in last summer's "Venice Preserved." Gladys Cooper demonstrates that she can play a hard middle-class mother just as competently as the more autocratic but less interesting roles she is usually handed.

Finally, there are the Oliviers in Terence Rattigan's "The Sleeping Prince." While it is always worthwhile to see this wonderful couple, "The Sleeping Prince" is hardly worthy of their talents. It is meant to be a light piece of cake, but Mr. Rattigan has forgotten to put in the baking powder. As a result, this tale of an American show girl and a Balkan prince regent never rises to the possibilities of the situation. Vivien Leigh, proceeding bravely to continue with her broken left wrist in a cast, is beautiful and clever as she respectfully satirizes American manners. Sir

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Laurence plays his part with a thick accent that apparently keeps him from erupting into the stratosphere where he can be most effective. When, oh when, is this great actor going to resign himself to the agony and glory of undertaking another Oedipus, Richard III, or Henry V?

Of the other plays in London, both "The Confidential Clerk" (which is ten times better here than it is in New York) and "The Burning Glass" (which I will discuss when I review the New York production) are worthy of a visitor's attention, particularly the kind of theatregoer who can enjoy a play that has more appeal to the head than to the heart.

"THE PRISONER," a new play by Bridget Boland starring Alec Guinness which I saw in Edinburgh prior to its London opening, is the Hungarian version of "Darkness at Noon," a human game of chess between a bishop and an aristocratic pawn. Obviously inspired by the Cardinal Mindzenty case, this play runs over ground that will be familiar to all those who read the daily newspaper. However, Miss Boland leaves out the usual debates about power and the horrible crimes perpetrated by totalitarian sadists and confines herself to the struggle between two good men who find themselves unalterably opposed politically. As such the play gives Alec Guinness an eminent opportunity to show the range of his dramatic talent. His badgered cardinal begins quietly, steers through anger, madness, humiliation, revenge, and ends with a triumph of compassion. Mr. Guinness shows superb control as he shaves his interpretation close to the skin. His acuteness cannot help but put his acting opponent, the high-strung Noel Willman, in the shade. However, there is another great actor in the play. He is Wilfred Lawson, who plays the vulgar warden. Mr. Lawson glows with a very human glee as he joshes the imprisoned cardinal about seducing girls in the confessional—"with absolution thrown in, that's the pull." This actor is all earth and loam. Perhaps Miss Boland has some profound comments to make on the nature of pride and humility ("He believed me when I told him his whole life was built upon pride, a really proud man wouldn't have believed me"), and on insanity ("the more store a man sets by his wits, the sooner he loses them"). But "The Prisoner" tends to exist mainly as a series of episodes. Since these episodes make glittering showpieces for two such talents as Mr. Guinness and Mr. Lawson, Miss Boland can be forgiven for not having written a masterpiece.

—HENRY HEWES.

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Not Too Rhapsodic

"MAURICE GUEST," by Henry Handel Richardson, is one of those turn-of-the-century novels extravagantly admired by all who have read it, completely unknown to those who have not. Its pseudonymous author, a woman with a technique not unlike Henry James's, has drawn a daring and amazingly modern study of the snarled professional and romantic career of her young hero, a concert pianist. Maurice has become enchanted by a wealthy, beautiful girl. Gradually he discovers that she has loved others, including a violinist who left her rather than have his entire life wrecked by her demanding, consuming passion. When she turns to Maurice the same pattern begins to assert itself, only he is willing to place his love before his music. In the book this story is seen and told through the eyes of Maurice. Ruth and Augustus Goetz, however, in adapting the novel into **"Rhapsody"** (M-G-M), have turned the story on its head. Perhaps they knew from the outset that what they were really writing was a star vehicle for Elizabeth Taylor. In any case, now it is the girl who forms the center of the story. Maurice (here changed to James) is little more than a secondary figure, even less important than the temperamental violinist.

What emerges from these transformations (the time has been shifted from the 1890's to the present, the wealth of the heroine heavily underscored) is a curiously placid little affair, with occasional whirrs to suggest that far more is going on than appears on the surface. Actually, by any standards Elizabeth Taylor's Louise is a spoiled, selfish, fickle bit of baggage quite undeserving of the love of any man, and from time to time the film makes a determined effort to explain her character, to clarify not only her motivations but why she has them. The witty scenes with her worldly father, admirably played by Louis Calhern, afford many unusual insights. We can almost understand the girl, even if we don't admire her. Yet her redemption, her high purpose at the end of the picture, comes straight out of the ladies' magazines. Because the emphasis has been shifted, because Louise has become the hero (and because Elizabeth Taylor is the star), the script must try to make us like her; and much that seemed subtle and interesting about the film is lost in this attempt to bring it to a conventionally satisfying conclusion.

On the other hand, "Rhapsody" is not without its rewards. It abounds in music skilfully performed and recorded, with Michael Rabin providing the fiddle to Vittorio Gassman's bowing and Claudio Arrau sitting in for John Ericson at the piano (although why musical virtuosos in films of this sort must always elect to play the Tchaikowsky Violin Concerto and Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto might provide a profitable subject for extended research). Gassman is at least adequate, Ericson quite remarkable; while Elizabeth Taylor, if rather wooden, is always incredibly beautiful and gowned in a dazzling array of expensive costumes. Minor roles, such as Richard Hageman's stern maestro and Michael Chekhov's knowing teacher, are often brilliantly handled. Efforts to capture the atmosphere of a European musical center come off on the whole far better than might be expected, but not without several moments that boggle the imagination. In a gay café straight out of "The Student Prince," for example, Gassman is called upon to perform. "Anybody got a violin?" he asks. No sooner is he safely launched on Sarasate's "Gypsy Airs" when it turns out that *everybody* has a violin (one girl even brought her harp!) and they all improvise a carefully orchestrated obbligato to his virtuoso fiddling. Actually, the entire film, though handled with taste and discernment for the most part, has this same unfortunate tendency to break down right where you most expect it.

* * *

In **"Saadia"** (M-G-M) we meet a high-minded though gloomy young doctor who, for reasons rather perfunctorily explained, is determined to spread science and good health through France's remoter North African colonies. On one of his expeditions into the villages he finds Saadia (Rita Gam), a curvaceous young Bedouin under the spell of the evil eye. This provides a splendid opportunity to show the ignorant natives that his science is stronger than their superstition, and before you know it Saadia has become a mainstay of the local hospital, a sort of

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desert Gunga Din. From there on she has a busy time being more noble and self-sacrificing than either Dr. Mel Ferrer or Cornel Wilde, the local potentate sponsoring Ferrer's medical activities. Eventually, of course, the two friends find themselves competing for her favors, but always in a grand and gentlemanly way. All in all, "Saadia's" chief virtues would seem to lie in its colorful Moroccan backgrounds, its handsomely photographed desert scenes, its authentic (and often unflattering) costumes, and a suitably weird incantation scene. Once these National Geographic aspects are out of the way, however, the film tends to become just a bit tedious.

A bit unsettling, too. There are so many English accents in the cast that you wonder if perhaps Morocco hasn't suddenly become part of the British Empire.

* * *

Back in the days when 3-D was the coming thing, someone at Paramount seems to have hit upon a rather charming idea—a musical comedy take-off on the Westerns with smartly designed, highly schematic settings that would float in midair and use the new dimension to emphasize space. Somewhere along the way the 3-D aspects of **"Red Garters"** were quietly dropped, but the sets remain as works of high imagination and daring. Houses are suggested by their pastel-colored frames. Moving from exterior to interior is accomplished by passing through a skeletal door while the background scrim changes from outside yellow to an inside lavender. The whole effect is bright and free, ideally suited to the liberties that the plot apparently intended to take with the Western formula.

Unfortunately, the writer's imagination rarely rivaled the designer's. An occasional touch, like the grave lifting of hats whenever "the Code of the West" is mentioned, evokes a moderate chuckle, but most of the time the script is straining for laughs that just aren't there. Rosemary Clooney, with her sunny, bouncy personality, often manages to inject some fun into the proceedings as she shouts out a song, and Nick Castle has staged a number of neat and vigorous dances. On the other hand, Guy Mitchell as the singing cowboy hero confused me completely. Although he seemed to be playing his part straight, he bears such a marked resemblance to Buster Keaton that I was forever waiting for him to take a pratfall. It might have helped, at that.

—Arthur Knight.

TV AND RADIO

A Twist of the Wrist

I AM about to offer another suggestion on how to improve television programs. I guess I am about the most suggestive critic in the TV business, for all the good it does me. Truer word was never written than in a letter I received only this week: "Your suggestions in *The Saturday Review* for improving television programs are so right and so brilliant that I am surprised the men in charge of television don't follow your wonderful advice."

What is amazing is why the men in the business can't see what, according to her letter, is so obvious to my mother. But of course she's eighty-one and wise beyond her years. Incidentally, her views on television are sharp and to the point. She prefers radio because she can conjure up her own impressions of what Arthur Godfrey looks like. So television gets very little of her failing eyesight. But she is quick to add that her two small granddaughters, Hedra and Judy, are crazy about television.

"They sit in front of the set night and day," she told me over long distance one evening.

"Good," I said. "May I speak to them?"

"They went to the movies," she replied.

Which in a rather circumambulatory route brings me to a point I want to make. When they went to the movies they saw a picture which had been favorably reviewed by the critics on the local papers. Just as in New York we go to the theatre to see a play which has been enthusiastically received by the Broadway critics. With movies and theatres we have that guide to help us choose the entertainment we want to see.

In television an hour drama is presented with little fanfare and no advance criticism. We take pot luck, and often as not we are watching some dreary run-of-the-mill program on another channel when by the fateful twist of a wrist we might have found a gem in amongst the slack that goes to make up so much of our television programming.

It was with just such a fateful twist of the wrist that I found such a gem on (of all places) Channel 7 some nights ago.

It was a Thursday night. I came across the opening announcement that Kraft Theatre was about to present an hour's play. I remembered reading that Kraft, usually seen on Wednesday nights, was now presenting two plays a week, having recently purchased an additional hour on Thursday nights. I also remembered that Kraft plays are usually below the standard set by the Philco and Goodyear Playhouse or Westinghouse's Studio One, and I was about to hunt for something else when the title of the play appeared: "A Delicate Story," by Ferenc Molnar. I paused for the hour.

It turned out to be the most refreshing pause I ever took. Here a cast of actors headed by Eli Wallach and Gabby Rodgers artfully presented one of the most enchanting comedies ever seen on television. And a group of the most engaging supporting players headed by a fabulous E. A. Crumschmidt transformed my set into theatre at its finest. I would have been desolate had I missed it.

THE rest of the week I searched the television columns for a review of the play or at least some brief salutation with perhaps a mention of the director whose name I had missed in the credits, so enraptured had I been with the performance. But there was not a word.

And why should there have been? The play was over. It had been a one-night stand, as it always is in this medium, the quaintly picturesque Swiss settings of this delicate little love story by now lost among the rubble of some TV warehouse.

And so belatedly I come to my suggestion, which is simply that television plays be reviewed against some future date in the season when the best reviewed plays be brought back for those viewers who missed the fast opening-closing night's performance. And what better time for a re-run of those plays than in a Summer Kraft Theatre, or Philco or Goodyear or Westinghouse, to take the place of the drab replacements which too soon will begin to inhabit the screens of our living rooms.

Sensible suggestion, isn't it, and simple to follow? But somehow suggestions from professional television workers are held in low esteem. Not so critics of the theatre. Remember the caustic Percy Hammond? During World War I his paper took him off theatres to send him to Europe to write about the war.

"My God!" shrieked a Broadway producer, "suppose he doesn't like it!"

—Goodman Ace.

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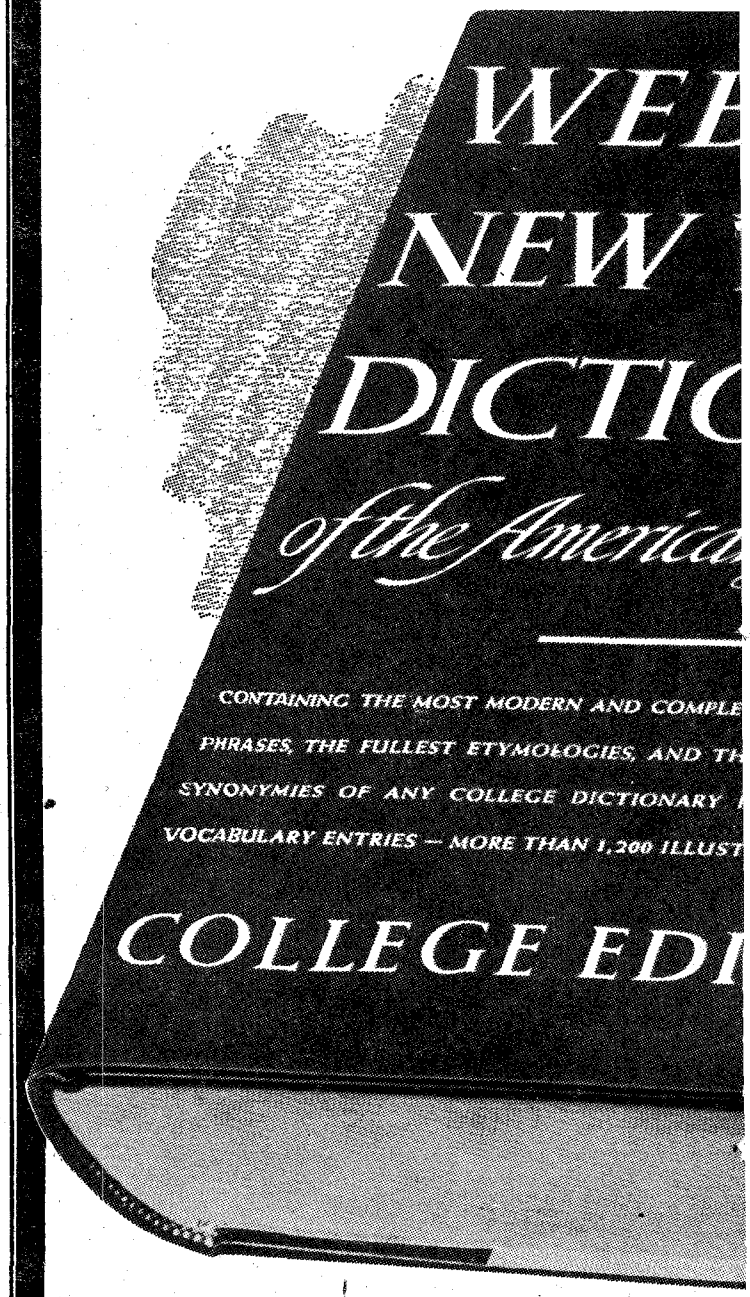
Who speaks for schol

WHEN a considerable number of critics speak — *in superlatives* — a they've weighed their words carefu



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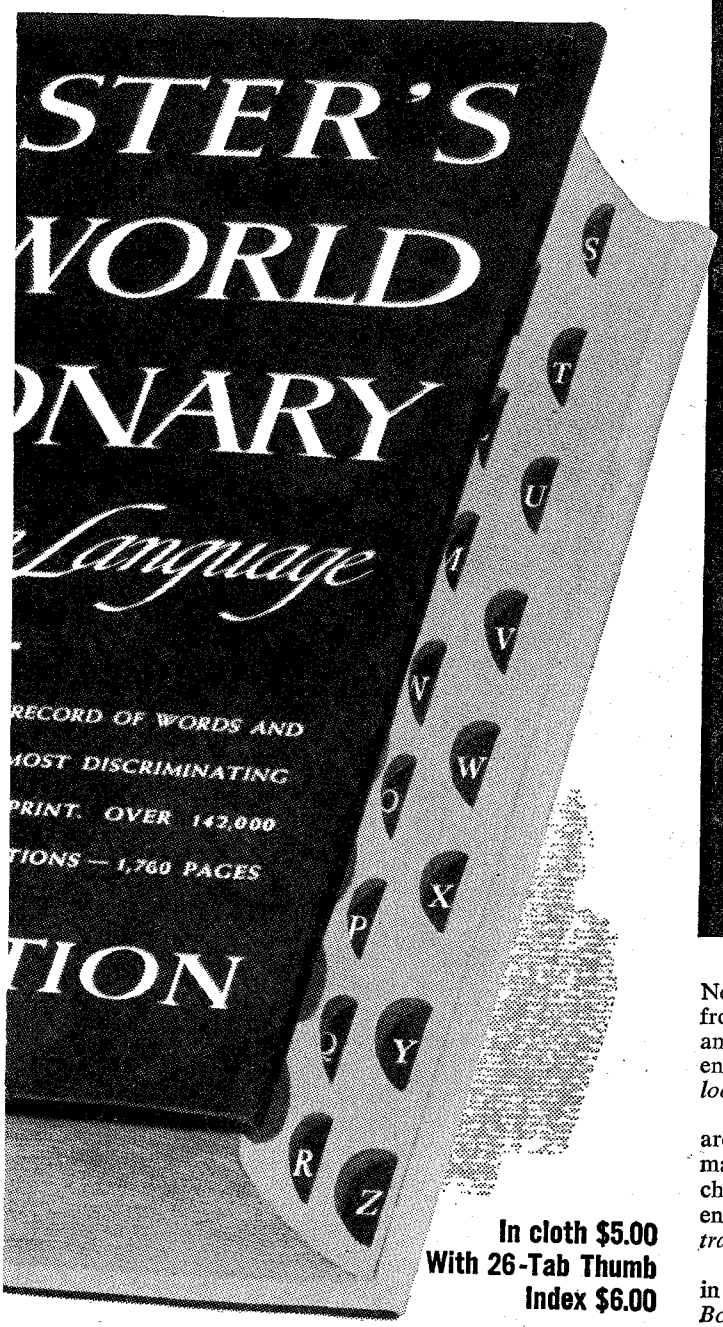

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Rubinstein's Chopin, Cantelli's Dallapiccola, etc.

PIANISTICALLY, March came in like a lion—which is to say, like Artur Rubinstein, whose reappearance in a Chopin program exhausted the capacity of Carnegie Hall, also whatever colleagues happened to be present. Such professionalism as Rubinstein represents is, perhaps, almost beyond endurance when coupled to such works as the "Andante spianato and Polonaise," the Etudes in E minor and D, the B flat minor Sonata, the A flat Impromptu, the Ballade in the same key, etc. Virtually the only thing that did not perform according to expectations during the evening was the piano bench, which had to be changed midway.

Rubinstein has the rather mansized burden of beginning as a paragon and being expected to "take it from there." That is to say, if practically anyone else played just the "Andante spianato and Polonaise" as eloquently as he did it would be cause for banner headlines. But it is to Rubinstein's credit that he does not try to tell us new (and perhaps false) things about this eminently familiar literature; rather he tells us the old, true things in a way enriched by his superlative tone production with its manifold shadings and refinements. That calls for balance and restraint. It also calls for a virtuosity in the mere production of sound which permits Rubinstein, if he should so prefer, to call himself the Caruso of the keyboard.

At that it seems to me a Chopin program shows less than the best of Rubinstein simply because it shows less than all of him. One day I should like Rubinstein to give a retrospective program, reviewing forty years of public performance and offering the things he added to his repertory—Falla, Villa-Lobos, Granados, Debussy, Ravel, etc.—at five-year intervals. It would still, no doubt, begin and end with Chopin—but there would be some powerful memories along the way.

MENDELSSOHN'S "Italian Symphony has had more concentrated attention than in any week within memory when it was heard five times, from two orchestras, both conducted by Italians. Despite the chasm of fifty years that yawns between Arturo Toscanini and Guido Cantelli, the latter's version with the Philharmonic was not noticeably inferior, in vitality and animation, to the former's. That Cantelli managed to convey a first-rate conception of the work (save for a slightly flabby scherzo) in his appearances with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, despite the less than kind competition, bespeaks his rising authority as a musician and interpreter in his own right. Fortunately, he was not called upon to challenge Toscanini simultaneously in Strauss's "Don Juan" and the "Oberon" Overture of Weber, both of which simply soared out of sight in the playing of the NBC Symphony.

Cantelli's second program was a wholly symmetrical evening of music making, beginning with a Rossini overture, continuing with the air-cleansing Mendelssohn, progressing to the suggestive strains of Luigi Dallapiccola's "Marsia" excerpts, and concluding with Debussy's "La Mer." He had conducted the Dallapiccola previously with the NBC Symphony, but the concert-hall premiere confirmed previous estimates of the composer's musicality and taste, without settling wholly the question of his originality. It is, after all, hard to write ballet music on a Grecian subject (especially one involving flute playing) without invoking Ravel's "Daphnis" or Debussy's "L'Après-midi" at some point or other. But Cantelli showed us that Dallapiccola had done his work in a substantially unfettered way, and with some splashes of orchestral color that the Philharmonic players realized impressively well. The concluding "La Mer," straightforward and tightly disciplined, brought a rousing end to one of the best concerts Cantelli has yet given in New York.

A program composed of Rachmaninoff's "The Bells" and Prokofiev's "Alexander Nevsky," such as the Philadelphia Orchestra presented on an early March evening in Carnegie Hall, must, of necessity, have more reason than meets the ear. That is to say, if you bring a chorus across Jersey to New York, it might as well sing two works as one; and it is merely the better part of wisdom for them to perform two works the orchestra has recorded.

However, it is questionable that the taste to which the Prokofiev is interesting would also be interested in the Rachmaninoff, and vice versa. As an illustration, in tone, for a notable film, the Prokofiev score was of superior merit. Presented merely as disjointed elements of a so-called cantata, it provided opportunity for some virtuoso singing by the Temple Choir, but not much more that was musically valid. Lorna Sydney sang the mezzo part intelligently, but without properly centered sound or really dependable intonation. Mack Harrell was outstanding in the Rachmaninoff, for which David Lloyd and Frances Yeend were the other singers. Considering the many choral works in which such talent could be utilized, it seemed carrying practicality to an extreme to restrict them to these two.

THOSE who remember Donald Dickson as one of the most promising bass-baritones in the Metropolitan company of the early Johnson period could be pardoned a more than casual curiosity when he reappeared in a Town Hall recital lately after a considerable absence. On the one side of his scale was that early promise, on the other side, his prominent career in radio (vis-à-vis Charlie McCarthy and others). Plainly enough, Dickson is now a serious artist again, but one wonders if it isn't a question of too little, too late.

To be sure, Dickson can produce quantities of loud sound, but there is little resonance in the voice. He made more than a little effort to vary the production from Handel's "Hear me winds and waves" to Brahms's "Blauen Augen," for example, but the sound persisted in being more the same than different. Dickson also sang a Copland group and one in French (in addition to another in English). Otto Seyfritz was the helpful pianist.

Rudolf Bing's reasonable action in moving to curb the untoward "enthusiasm" of the standees who have turned recent performances of "Trovatore," "Aida," and "Forza" into a contest of favoritism for individual performers, was a welcome reminder of the "old" Bing who seems to have been in abeyance lately. By diminishing the number of standees admitted, thus making it easier to police those who are present, Bing made possible a vigorous "Trovatore" with the Milanov-Penno-Barbieri-Warren cast, but without the rooting for one at the expense of the other. Fausto Cleva showed his contempt for the values involved by turning his back, literally, on the applause that was tendered him prior to Act III. Of course, it wasn't much applause; but then, neither is it much of a back.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Writing

Continued from page 23

worth's pilgrimage into the poem finally known as 'The Prelude'." In the course of her essay she has confirmed discoveries of her scholarly predecessors, made many discoveries of her own, and presented possibilities for consideration.

It was Pope, she tells us, from whom Wordsworth learned his earliest poetic vocabulary; "Pope was the first poet to teach him English composition," and "the generic form of Pope's writing, as distinguished from its metrical form, so prevailed upon his own mode of expression that never for long did he abandon the habit of personal address." With Beattie's "Minstrel" he was in warm sympathy; he profited by Beattie's design, and as a young man he identified himself with the hero of Beattie's now little-read poem. Goldsmith was Wordsworth's literary guide through Europe. His kinship with Thomson was close, and with him he shared thoughts, images, and phrases. He owed a heavy debt to Young's "Night Thoughts," and debts to Gray, Akenside, and Habington. Cowper taught him how "to deal with homely and humorous matters in blank verse, and to sharpen and refine the diction of his ironic and critical passages." "Pilgrim's Progress" was "reverberating in his thought" while he was writing his third Book. And then, of course, there were the "four English poets whom I must have continually before me as examples—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton. These I must study, and equal *if I could;* and I need not think of the rest."

The tracing of literary influences and affiliations is a notoriously tricky business. In the heat of the quest the hunter is apt to persist in drawing coverts that hold no game, and to ride hallooing after imaginary foxes. Professor Potts is chary of such follies, and it is a privilege to read with her a great poem that has both "a long ancestry" and "fresh power"; a poem that is at once an autobiography—with much to say to a generation that has known revolutionary enthusiasm—"a song, a vision, and a mode of culture . . . a call to action," and a "discipline."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "A Farewell to Arms"—"Arms and the Man." 2. "The Moon Is Down"—"The Moon and Sixpence." 3. "Dragon's Teeth"—"The Skin of Our Teeth." 4. "South Wind"—"The Wind in the Willows." 5. "Tobacco Road"—"The Royal Road to Romance." 6. "In Abrahm's Bosom"—"Lamb in His Bosom." 7. "Return to Paradise"—"This Side of Paradise." 8. "Desire Under the Elms"—"A Streetcar Named Desire." 9. "A Bell of Adano"—"Bell, Book, and Candle." 10. "Rage in Heaven"—"Leave Her to Heaven."

Notes

GEORGE ELIOT RE-EXAMINED: George Eliot's work occupies a position today similar to that of the antimacassar: it is remembered, often with affection, but rarely seen. For of the seven novels she wrote, few, besides "Silas Marner" and "The Mill on the Floss," are now read in or out of school and college. One reason for this may be that the critics, who have been lavishly peppering and salting everybody around George Eliot—Melville, Dickens, James, Hardy, and even Meredith—have remained curiously mum about her. (There has been a gradual resurgence of interest in the past fifteen years, however, with the publication of several biographies and critical studies by Gerald Bullett, F. R. Leavis, Lord David Cecil, Laurence and Elisabeth Hanson, and Gordon Haight, and, now that a substantial George Eliot collection resides at Yale, a critical biography and a new edition of her letters will eventually be forthcoming from Professor Haight.) Another reason may be that the modern reader, who likes his prose either in glutinous lumps (James Jones), or in clear, carefully measured spoonfuls (J. P. Marquand), is repelled by the consistent spaciousness of her novels, by their grand swellings and subsidings, and by the fact that she sometimes takes twenty chapters to make a single point. And, finally, George Eliot was a naked moralist, who persisted in writing with a religious intensity and high seriousness that make most of our popular contemporary novelists seem like secular bums.

Well, all this by way of saying that the English Novelists Series has brought out a 126-page "literary bi-

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ography," **"George Eliot,"** by Robert Speaight (Roy, $2). As it turns out, it is not really a literary biography at all, but a somewhat muddled critical essay that employs the interior critical methods of F. R. Leavis, a critic whom Mr. Speaight pays frequent homage to, with unfortunate results—where Mr. Leavis invariably crackles and pops, Mr. Speaight has a tendency to sputter and phht. Nevertheless, Mr. Speaight's book is a good introductory pill, provided one goes right on to "Daniel Deronda," or "Felix Holt," or "Middlemarch," which was, some think, the most powerful, rewarding novel written in English in the last century. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

MORE TEXAS TALES: By virtue of its vast and border geography, its rugged history, and its wild-cat economic life, Texas offers rich deposits for the prospecting folklorist. The Texas Folklore Society has encouraged this study, and in its latest publication **"Folk Travelers: Ballads, Tales, and Talk"** (Southern Methodist University Press, $4) brings together nineteen pieces, widely assorted in subject matter, treatment, and interest. "The Traveling Anecdote," by J. Frank Dobie—who has carried Texas culture into the quadrangles of Oxford—opens the collection with a pleasantly informal string of peripatetic anecdotes. Other lively pieces deal with material from the Texas-Mexican border (love tragedy, black-and-white magic), devil lore, nostalgic reminiscences of Bear Creek, and folklore motifs in natural history and in the oil industry.

One of the most amusing pieces is James Howard's "Tales of Neiman-Marcus," with its anecdotes of that elegant emporium (no advt.). A woman once appeared in the store barefooted and in a sunbonet, according to one mild tale, and bought a mink coat on the spot, paying for it in cash. Sensing an exceptional opportunity, the sales force also sold her a pair of shoes. Like other folklorists, Mr. Howard is not always able to tell which of his tales are tall and which are true. Altogether the pieces in the collection should have great appeal beyond the borders of its state and its subject.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

NEW EDITIONS

A Few Metaphysicalizers

MUCH thought and ink, and many wise and foolish words, have been spent on Donne and the fellows of his so-called school since Joan Bennett first published her "Four Metaphysical Poets" in 1934; but in this little book she said more that was worthwhile than most of her successors in the field have said, and the Cambridge University Press deserves our thanks for having issued it in a revised edition ($3). Her four poets are Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, and Crashaw. She considers them individually and in their relationships to one another. Grouped though they are—and despite Donne's primary influence, and Herbert's effect on Vaughan—they could hardly be more unlike. Donne's rigorous logic and Crashaw's sensationalism are antipodal; the one uses his images "to define the emotional experience by an intellectual parallel," while the other wallows in "a succession of emotional scenes," and enjoys a "mercilessly minute dwelling on sensations, unrelated to thought." Donne's wide range of personal experience and secular knowledge found expression in complex verse; Herbert's faith and limited experience voiced themselves with beautiful simplicity, in perfect form. Herbert taught Vaughan how to be a true poet—not an imitator. Vaughan found himself when, listening to "The great *Chime/* And *Symphony* of nature," he began to read nature as the book of religious revelation. Mrs. Bennett, writing of Donne in particular and the metaphysical school in general, makes a sound point when she declares: "The real difficulty is not to discern what might be described as the 'prose meaning,' but to allow an image, which must first be seized intellectually, subsequently to affect one's whole sensibility." And those who practise the major critical perversion of our day—the effort to translate the fault of ambiguity into a virtue—should ponder another statement: "Modern critics often encourage us to look in poetry for fragments of meaning not wholly intended by the poet nor within his control. But the metaphysical poet knew what he meant; though rhythm and imagery enhance his meaning, they do not make it ambiguous."

In Peacock's "Crotchet Castle," the Reverend Dr. Folliott, speaking disparagingly of Scott's novels, remarks: "A book that furnishes no quotations is, *me judice,* no book—it is a plaything." The good doctor would, I am sure, have been delighted by the revised edition of "The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations" (Oxford, $8.50), pleasantly introduced by Bernard Darwin. As the compilers told us in 1941, this "work is primarily intended to be a dictionary of *familiar* quotations." That the old school ties have not changed their stripes, even though House of Commons orators are less fond than they once were of Latin tags, is proved by the fact that Horace fills seven large pages of this dictionary, and Virgil four. But Shakespeare, with no less than sixty-five pages, makes all his competitors in the quotation field look like amateurs, while Wordsworth rates ten, Johnson nine plus, Shelley eight, and Pope and Dickens six apiece.

AS AN editor of Shakespeare, John Dover Wilson has never lacked the courage of his corrections, and his sensitive nostrils have smelled out corruption where noses less sensitive have passed by unsuspiciously. In "Richard III" ($2.75), the latest of The New Shakespeare volumes to come from the Cambridge University Press, he takes his stand on the basis of Greg's statement "that readings in which the folio and the quartos agree are those 'most vulnerable to criticism and open to emendation'."—and he enjoys an emendator's field day.

Knopf has reissued Ouspensky's "The Psychology of Man's Possible Evolution" ($2.50), an introduction to the methods by which Ouspensky and Gurdjieff sought to make their disciples rise in the scale of consciousness. Whatever one may think of the pair, it is almost impossible not to be jarred into at least one moment of comparative wakefulness by the statement that most of us spend our lives in a state of "waking sleep."

Recent best-sellers now in paper covers include John Hersey's "The Wall" (Pocket Books, 50¢), and Rachel L. Carson's "The Sea Around Us" (Mentor, 35¢). And Pocket Books have plucked Thorne Smith's "Topper" (25¢) out of the era of beautiful nonsense. I wonder what a new generation of readers will make of it, and of "The Glorious Pool" (25¢) by the same author. But why am I wondering? I see the publishers' answer—"12,250,206 copies of Thorne Smith's novels have been sold to date in their Pocket Book editions alone!"

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Just Published

MANY of the volumes described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in early numbers.

ADVENTURE HAPPY. By Jule Mannix. Simon & Schuster. $3.95. An account of twelve years of married life the author and her husband, the well-known popular naturalist, have led in Africa, Capri, Mexico, and California in pursuit of eagles, cheetahs, snakes, bats, ducks, hippos, rhinos, and elephants.

AUSTRALIAN PASSPORT. By Colin Wills. Roy Publishers. $3. A fond look at the Big Continent by a transplanted native who is a practising journalist.

BEYOND ENDURANCE. By Anne Walters and Jim Marugg. Harper & Bros. $2.50. An account of an attack of polio which was sustained by Mr. Marugg, and of how, with the help of the Los Angeles General Hospital and a postpolio hospital at Los Ranchos, he managed to work his way back to near-normal.

BORN IN CAPTIVITY. By John Wain. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. A first novel about a young English goldspoon, who, upon graduation from the university, decides that he will dump his conventional, paneled background by working in turn as a window cleaner, a lorry driver, a chauffeur, a hospital orderly, and a drug runner. He finds that things are pretty much the same down below as they were above.

BOUVARD AND PECUCHET. By Gustave Flaubert. Translated by T. W. Earp and G. W. Stonier. New Directions. $3.75. The first translation in English of Flaubert's last and unfinished novel, which concerns the doings of two retired clerks who set out to educate themselves.

THE BURNING GLASS. By Charles Morgan. St. Martin's Press. $2.50. A play—his third—by the well-known English novelist, about a mild English meteorologist who discovers accidentally how to use the earth's upper atmosphere as a gigantic magnifying glass for the rays of the sun.

CHILD WITH A FLOWER. By Elda Bossi. Translated by C. J. Richards. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. A fragile evocation of the author's relationship with her child during the first three or four years. She is an Italian poet, scholar, translator, and short-story writer.

DANGEROUS ANGEL. By Clarence Buddington Kelland. Harper & Bros. $2.75. A cold bottle of seltzer from Mr. Kelland's ice chest. In this one he tells us of a Kentucky beauty who comes to the San Francisco of the 1870's—a place where millionaires used to light their cigars with twenties—and gets involved in a jewel fraud, gold-chained potbellies, some sleeks, and Lord knows what else.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY. By Elisabeth Ogilvie. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75. A sequel to a trilogy about Bennett's Island, a windy, wordy place. The story tells of the arrival there of a war widow who comes as the new teacher, and of the ensuing complications.

THE DIARIES OF LEWIS CARROLL. Edited by Roger Lancelyn Green. Oxford University Press. In two volumes, $7.50. The first publication of selections from the nine remaining quarto volumes (four were lost by an early biographer) which Charles L. Dodgson filled with his diaries. Included are letters, copious footnotes, and an introductory biographical essay by the editor, who is also one of Carroll's biographers.

THE DICTIONARY OF ACCEPTED IDEAS. By Gustave Flaubert. Edited, translated, and introduced by Jacques Barzun. New Directions. $2. A collection of the verbal fatuities which Flaubert collected during his life from actual conversations he had heard. They have been culled from a partial manuscript he left at death, and from his papers for this first translation into English.

THE FOUNDERS: The Men Who Ruled India. By Philip Woodruff. St. Martin's Press. $6. The first volume of a projected two volumes on the history of England's relationships to India. This one covers the arrival of the British as traders in 1600 and ends with the Great Mutiny of 1858.

THE HOLY FOOT. By Robert Romanis. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. The holy foot belongs to St. Stephen, and when, in a small Italian village, a marble foot is dug up everyone believes the original foot, long since lost, has been discovered. It turns out, however, to be the foot of a statue of that old pagan, Mercury. This all takes place several hundred years back.

HOW TO MAKE SENSE. By Rudolf Flesch. Harper & Bros. $2.75. Mr. Flesch, who is a great believer in English pruned, clipped, and mathematicized, here tells us how to write grammatically by using proper words and correct punctuation.

JOHNNY FORSAKEN. By G. B. Stern. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. A new novel by the indefatigable English writer. It concerns a small boy, Johnny Trevose, who thinks he alone has the power of averting the end of the world. This peccadillo is interrupted by the arrival in the small town where he lives of a sixtyish woman, whom some might call a matriarch.

LAUGHTER ON THE STAIRS. By Beverley Nichols. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75. A sequel to "Merry Hall" (1952), in which we are told how the house of the same name is brought back to life by a Herculean gardener, some odd-bird house guests, a stone-chinned butler, some new cats, and a soft wind in the oaks.

MEN AND SHARKS. By Hans Hass. Translated by Barrows Mussey. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. The men here include the author, who is an expert adventurer and lecturer, his Caribbean crew, a doctor, and a Greek interpreter.

THE MIGHTY MILO. By Phillips Rogers. Hermitage House. $2.95. A novel, loosely speaking, about a five-foot-three Greek waiter, Milo Popolagos, who turns out to be a professional wrestler of terrible strength.

THE MOMENT OF THE ROSE. By Lucy Kennedy. Crown Publishers. $3.50. A novel, by the author of "The Sunlit Field" (1950), about a retired milktoast who puts his own and his son's life savings into the purchasing of half an island. A feud develops with the owner of the other half, involving a couple of oil wells, blasting, and a Romeo and Juliet subplot.

NOTHING IS DRIPPING ON US. By Eva Knox White. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. A saffronic account of the life the Wittes—he a Russian-born baron, she an American—have lived since they met and married in wartime Washington: Quonset living in Alaska to the snows of Winnipesaukee in N. H., where they tried the gift business and boat building until they sold out and moved on again.

PATTERN OF THE TIGER. By Stanwell Fletcher. Little, Brown & Co. $5. A loose-limbed survey of the recent growth of India and Pakistan as independent nations, and of the attitudes already developed in those countries toward the West, by an American adventurer, lecturer, and naturalist.

THE SCIENCE BOOK OF WONDER DRUGS. By Donald G. Cooley. Franklin Watts. $2.95. A guide for laymen to the new "wonder" drugs: the sulfas, antibiotics, hormones, vitamins, anticoagulants, and anti-histamines. Part of a new series called Science Books.

SHADOWS IN THE SUN. By Stephen Taylor and Phyllis Gadsden. Roy Publishers. $3. A technical survey of the various tropical diseases—leprosy, malaria, yaws, typhus, yellow jack, hookworm, and sleeping sickness—which explains their causes, conditions, and cures.

THE SPIDER KING. By Lawrence Schoonover. The Macmillan Co. $3.95. A new historical novel, by a determined historical novelist, that takes as its time France in the fifteenth century, and as its chief character Louis XI, the sickly "Spider King."

THIEVES' HOLE. By David Howarth. Rinehart & Co. $2.75. An easy breath of heather about a legendary cave in Scotland—Thieves' Hole—and of how Sir John Monson, while idly exploring it, finds a murdered man, gets whacked up a bit, learns the cave is a hideout for a spy ring, and helps throw the final net.

UNDERSTANDING THE SICK AND THE HEALTHY. By Franz Rosenzweig. Noonday Press. $3. A parody of German speculative philosophy by a German philosopher. It was written in 1921, and has never been published before.

WORLDS IN SPACE. By Martin Caidin. Henry Holt & Co. $4.95. A complete run-up on space travel—how close we are to it, what the conquering of space will mean, how men will react to it, and what, in some detail the first trip will really be like. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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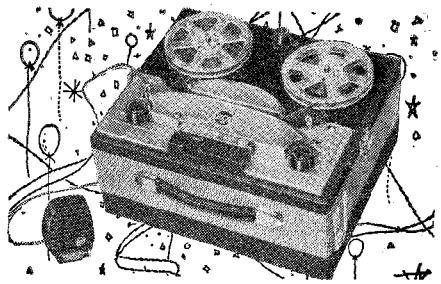

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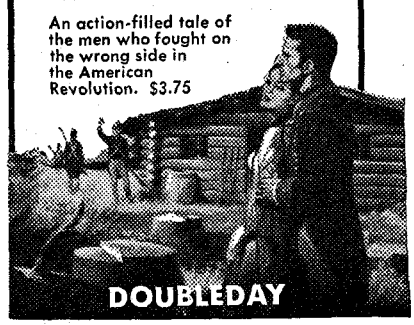

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ANNUAL GUIDE TO REFERENCE BOOKS

For its annual survey of new reference books, SR *presents:* ¶ *critical notices of nine important works published during the past year (pages 36 to 42),* ¶ *an account of how encyclopedias and other large reference works are sold (page 43),* ¶ *a checklist of some of the more outstanding reference works published this year (pages 44-46).*

"Collier's World Atlas and Gazetteer" *(P. F. Collier & Son. 472 pp. $17.50) is reviewed below by Louis Shores, dean of the Library School of Florida State University.*

IN THE 360 years since the appearance of the Flemish geographer Gerardus Mercator's famous collection of maps bearing the representation of Atlas supporting the world on his head and hands innumerable geographical sources have been offered the public. Merely to list all of them would require the full-time effort of a topnotch geo-bibliographer. Together they represent no inconsiderable library or an inferior literature. In recent years, particularly, there have come from British, German, and other European cartographic presses some brilliant examples of the reference tool we call atlas. To most of these American examples have usually suffered by comparison.

The new "Collier's Atlas" takes several long steps toward closing the gap in quality that has existed between foreign and American map collections and in addition jumps ahead on gazetteer, guide, and arrangement features.

The Rand McNally maps included are clean and clear. The color differentiation for political units is varied, and yet no single color is so dark as to render legends illegible. The marginal index on each map is a convenience for quick reference and complements the fuller gazetteer index in back.

The attention to regional maps is particularly noteworthy. There are, for example, separate page maps of the polar regions, particularly significant now against the background of Russian air expansion and Billy Mitchell's prophecy of military control for the power that dominates the poles. Similarly, the separate page maps of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans stressing the strategic bases in them point up the trend to a reoriented school geography. Other regional maps of significance include one for the Western Mediterranean and another for the Eastern Mediterranean, a page of Pacific Island blocks that accent tactics and strategy, and area approaches to such continents and nations as focus cartographic attention on world trouble spots like Korea, Indo-China, India, and elsewhere.

The USSR has long been a neglected cartographic subject in Western publications. The "Russia-in-Europe" and "Russia-in-Asia" prewar school geography approach, making it ever necessary to keep one finger in the European sequence of maps and another finger in the somewhat later-in-the-book Asiatic sequence, has been abandoned. At least four maps that contribute to a symbol-picture of that vast country are included in the new "Collier's Atlas." One of these is a large one of Eurasia; a second is an equally large one of Europe and Western Asia; a third is a huge one of the whole Soviet Union; and the fourth is of the West Soviet Union, which includes not only Russia in Europe but a considerable portion of Russia in Asia.

Other map problems of atlases are attacked courageously. Political units, long from east to west, like Tennessee, and north to south, like Florida, Texas, and Mexico have difficulty fitting into a book page. "Collier's" has placed the halves of Tennessee on the same page, upper and lower. West Florida, from Tallahassee to Pensacola, still gets separate treatment, but advantageously, and so do parts of Texas and Mexico.

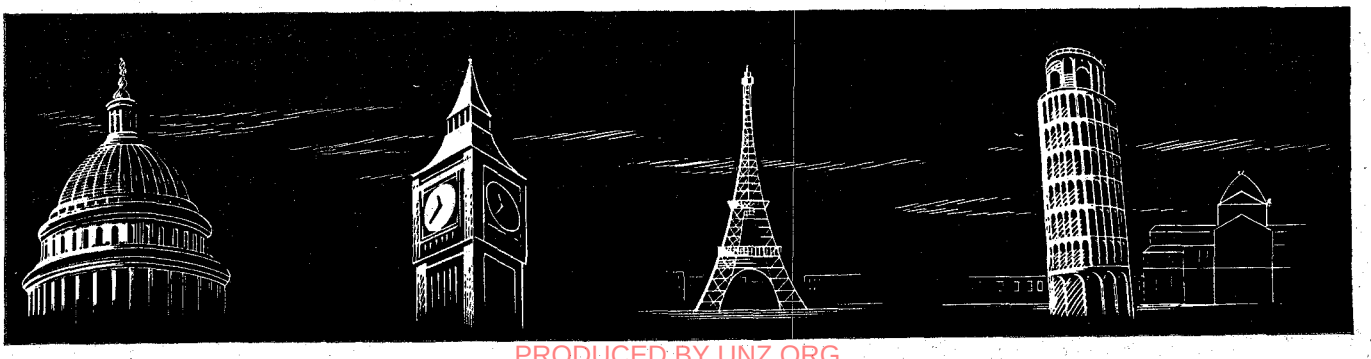
ALL of the state maps are clear, and those for the nations or groups of nations are unusually full for the space to which they are assigned. Maps of Canada and its provinces give a feeling of the spaciousness one experiences in that country itself.

Among the special maps of interest the comparative ones on Europe and Asia showing territory transfers after World War II are well done. The economic maps dealing with the various kinds of mineral production, such as lead, zinc, mineral fuels, iron ore, and copper are especially revealing. City street maps for the principal American centers are another useful feature.

The gazetteer is a beautiful printing job for both text and picture. There is an excellent introduction to the subject of geography followed by clusters of comparative tables that should be a boon to radio quiz programs. Featured are data on the world's oceans, tunnels, bridges, dams, mountains, deserts, structure, altitudes, etc.

The index is a fact-finder in every sense. Besides map references, there are added bits of information on foreign cities and countries not treated in the gazetteer text. There are also, under each state, complete lists of counties and their 1950 population.

Appraised critically against the whole line of atlas literature Collier's new "Atlas" clearly belongs in library and home as an integral part of the basic reference collection.



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Atlas

"World Geo-Graphic Atlas," edited and designed by Herbert Bayer *(Container Corporation of America. 368 pp. $25), is reviewed below by Robert E. Fulton, Jr., author of "One Man Caravan."*

MENTION the word "atlas" and most people think of two large covers with a lot of maps between them, sort of an overgrown dictionary where, instead of looking up spelling, derivations, and definitions, one looks up locations, distances, and routes. Because people have come to think of atlases in such terms, such atlases have continued to be made. And people continue to think of the world as it appears in such atlases.

By the turn of this century this little hen-and-egg cycle had become pretty routine, since most areas of the earth had by then been charted and little was being added to the superficial shape of things except at the poles and the bottom of the seas. Atlas making had gotten pretty much into a rut; one that failed to keep pace with the world it constantly sought to draw such neat lines around.

Just the ability to fly, for example, has levelled mountains, filled oceans, and, within little more than two decades, shrunk the world to a fraction of its previous effective size. Oil, atomic power, mining techniques, methods of locating and using the vast resources of the earth, harnessing its abundant power, understanding its structure, its natural laws, how to use its physical assets and correct its liabilities—these and many other factors have made vast, effective changes in the shapes, sizes, uses, and relative locations of every part of the world.

In "World Geo-Graphic Atlas" we have at last an atlas which recognizes that nature's third dimension, extending both below and above the surface of the earth, deserves equal representation with latitude and longitude.

From cover to cover the work lives up to its title page which describes it as "a composite of man's environment —geography, geology, demography, astronomy, climatology, economics." A verbal description cannot do it justice, for the atlas takes full advantage of the hyphen in the word "geo-graphic." It makes the widest possible use of the graphic arts, tells more in pictures than in words.

The broad scope of the work is indicated by its start way off in space, at "the farthest depth of the 200-inch telescope." Beginning with the universe, it gradually moves in on the sun with its spots and eruptions, and the earth with its molten core, its many layers, its early and evolving forms of life and vegetation, its atmosphere, air currents, storms.

Unlike most "world" atlases, where the bulk of the work deals with the book's country of origin, two thirds of this atlas deals with countries other than the United States.

It is difficult to say which excel: the facts which are so interestingly shown, or the maps, which are both American- and European-made. In color, layout, and information they are skilfully combined. The severest criticism which might be made is the small type-size used in the graphic material.

As a whole, the work gives much impetus to thought. It is a fine presentation of the basic physical facts of our world, even to those which look into the future by showing the known reserves of many of our vital raw materials, the facts of conservation, and the vital statistics of every man's essential needs in relation to the square miles of earth available to produce them.

Desk Encyclopedia

"Columbia Viking Desk Encyclopedia," edited by William Bridgwater and others *(Viking Press. 1,092 pp. $7.95. Thumb-indexed, $8.95.), is reviewed below by Evelyn E. Kirkland, Reference Librarian, Brooklyn Public Library.*

THE recently published "Columbia Viking Desk Dictionary" should prove a most welcome addition to the home, especially the small apartment, and to the office reference shelf. A wealth of information from the popular "Columbia Encyclopedia" has been condensed into a compact, easy-to-handle volume worthy to take its place next to your favorite dictionary, atlas, and other handbooks for quick information. In 31,000 articles and 1,250,000 words, the editors have covered the fields of biography, geography, literature, science, sports, history, and the arts, in addition to a considerable amount of general information. Since the encyclopedia was designed for the American reader, the emphasis has been placed on material relating to the U. S. but information of universal interest has not been neglected.

All of the articles are necessarily brief, but the pertinent facts are clearly presented. Duplication has been minimized by the frequent use of cross-references and abbreviations have been used whenever possible. The long general articles from the "Columbia Encyclopedia" have been considerably reduced and, when necessary for clarity, completely rewritten. For example, the article on the Civil War has been condensed from over a page in the parent volume to less than a column and the entry on baseball from one column to eleven lines. The bibliographies have been eliminated entirely. The many biographical and geographical entries have been carefully selected. For minor personages, only dates, nationality, pronunciation, and brief identification are given. The geographical articles follow the same brief pattern, mentioning location, latest population figures, and a few selected facts of industrial or historical interest. Some new material has been added covering people who have gained prominence and important events which have taken place since the larger encyclopedia was published.

Illustrations and maps are an added feature of the new encyclopedia. The small but distinct drawings are grouped together under eighteen general headings such as Western Costume, Birds, Musical Instruments, Aircraft, Furniture, Electricity, Armor, etc. The maps are simple outlines of the six continents with important cities and special geographical characteristics indicated. Even the end-

—From the end-papers of "Collier's New World Atlas and Gazetteer."

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papers have been attractively utilized with colored projections of the Atlantic and Pacific worlds. The many charts and tables include Abbreviations, National Parks and Monuments, State Flowers, Forms of Address, Weights and Measures, Member Countries of the United Nations, Nobel Prize Winners, and a great deal of other elusive information in convenient form for ready reference.

The "Columbia Viking Desk Encyclopedia" will not take the place of a multi-volume set of encyclopedias, nor even the larger one-volume work, but instead should supplement the more detailed ones. Students and specialists will find the information too brief for their satisfaction in most instances. The aim of the editors was to include what most people want to know about any subject and to supply a fund of basic, essential information in all fields of knowledge and in this they have been outstandingly successful. For puzzle fans, businessmen, writers, and the "just curious," this is the outstanding reference-book buy of the year.

World Dictionary

"Britannica World Language Dictionary," edited by the Staff of the Encyclopedia Britannica *(Funk & Wagnalls. 2 vols., 1,944 pp. $35), is reviewed below by Lawton P. G. Peckham, professor of French at Columbia University.*

THE bulk of the handsome two-volume "Britannica World Language Dictionary" is a "New Practical Standard Dictionary of the English Language," expertly supervised by Charles Earle Funk, a skilled practitioner and pioneer in the field. A conspicuous innovation is the underlining of accented syllables (AC·*CES*·SO·RI·LY, *DU*·O·*DE*′·NAL). Equally realistic is a pronounciation system based on the native speaker's habit of associating a sound with the spelling that occurs most frequently. The difficult phonetic symbols are eliminated. There is also a wealth of new information: "thousands of terms, many of them so new as not to have appeared previously in any dictionary." The goal has been to meet the needs of the college student in whatever field. New trade names, military and geographical terms related to World War II, folklore themes, etc., have been entered (Benelux, Dixiecrat, JATO, VT fuze). In technical matters, such as definitions, etymologies, compoundings, there has been revision and modernization. Illustrations are provided, and many aids to consultation (a list of thirty phobias, for example). The constant effort to clarify, to produce a book which "lacking nothing in scholarship, would be virtually free from mystical signs, abbreviations, symbols, and redundancies which confuse many readers," has resulted in an attractive and serviceable dictionary.

Approximately the last half of the second volume is given over to a "world" language dictionary, compiled under the direction of the editorial staff of the Britannica. Out of possibly a thousand written languages, six, conveniently limited to the Indo-European family, are represented, and these only partially. The choice of French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, and Yiddish (transliterated into Roman characters) was determined by American needs, space having precluded Portuguese, Norwegian, etc. Vocabularies are limited to the most common words and meanings as determined by frequency counts. Hence words of action are emphasized rather than those expressing ideas.

The editors frankly admit that the work is not scholarly, and add hopefully: "Yet the mere fact that it presents seven major languages in parallel form for the first time may indicate future paths of research in comparative linguistics." Research in comparative linguistics has been going on for over a hundred years. In addition to the parallel listing, each foreign language is in turn separately alphabetized, with English equivalents, and pronunciation transcribed according to the system of the U.S. Army (Buenas noches—BWEH-*nahss* NO-*chess*). There are lists of familiar expressions, and brief sections on grammar. A check on the French revealed a surprising number of misprints, even errors, and the fact that such essential forms as *dont* and *ne . . . que* were missing, although "badger" and "butterfly" made the vocabulary. However, the restrictions imposed have left the pages uncluttered. The typography is excellent. The "world" dictionary serves many useful purposes, and is fun to use.

Literature

"Cassel's Encyclopedia of Literature," edited by S. H. Steinberg *(Funk & Wagnalls. 2 vols., 2,086 pp. $25), is reviewed below by Robert Pick, editor of the recently published "German Stories and Tales."*

A REVIEWER of a reference work on literature is invariably tempted to judge its merits by looking up first the entries with whose subjects he is particularly familiar. Invariably he will come across some critical opinions he disagrees with; spot minor inaccuracies (but what is "minor" in a specialist's own field?); and find certain less well known authors he for one thinks highly of dealt with in a couple of lines while certain others he for one considers nonentities are given ten. And the "discovery" of a number of absentees conspicuous to his mind may well weaken his initial respect for an impressive-looking book. As it is, such spot checks, if not downright unfair, tend to wrong it. No such work is designed for the specialist. Rather, it must help all of us over the lacunae of our knowledge whenever such help is needed, and contribute toward their filling-out by telling us where more knowledge may be obtained.

"Cassel's Encyclopedia of Literature," a "survey of the literatures of the entire world from the earliest times to the present day," fulfils that purpose very well. It is free from the national bias that usually warps the yardstick for "importance" used in even the most well-meaning "world" books.

The work consists of three parts (unfortunately, bound in two volumes). Part One contains histories of the literatures of the world "from oral traditions and first records down to the latest trends," and thus probably is the only reference book in existence in which you can refresh your knowledge about German romanticism or Alfred the Great's translations, and then again get acquainted with such strange bypaths of literature as the *literatura gauchesco* or the Legend of Oguz Kagan. This part also presents articles on literary forms and schools, genres, and topics connected with special aspects of writing (*e.g.*, "tragedy," "Pléiade," "symbolism," "picaresque novel," "psychoanalysis"); anyone impatient with his bafflement in front of some novel, or loosely used, term or, conversely, eager to check his own terminology will welcome this feature of the present work. Part Two comprises biographies and (more or less selected) bibliographies of the

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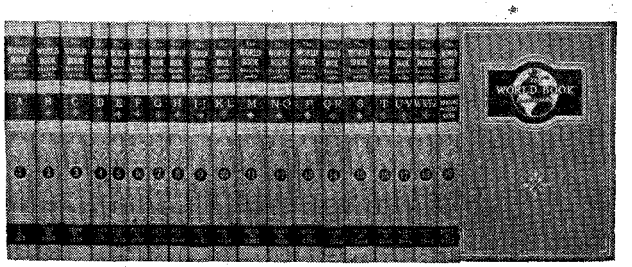

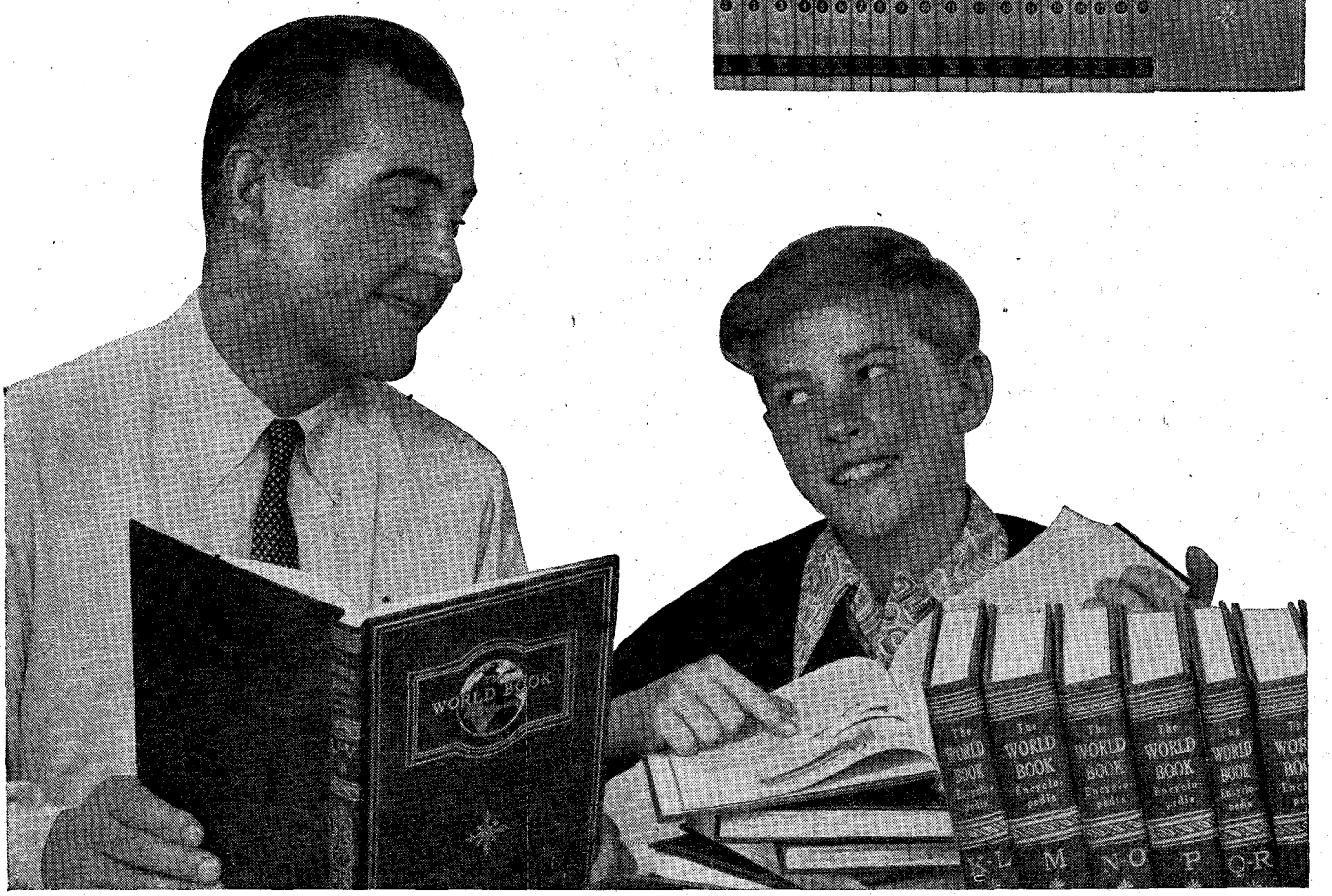

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world's writers down to 1900, Part Three those of twentieth-century authors. Naturally, a larger amount of subjectivism colors the experts' opinions on contemporaries than is the case in their colleagues' ideas about writers of earlier periods. Sometimes the surprising wealth of human-interest data crowds the information on an author's work; but this is a general trend of present-day literary criticism.

In short, here is a most valuable addition to the reference libraries of a great variety of people: teachers running into problems outside their own special field, students in search of source material, book reviewers and editors forced to meet deadlines, publishers and public-relations men (who may use Part Three as an excellent "Who's Who") and, of course, librarians. But beyond all that these two volumes may prove to be for a good many "readers" what I found them to be—a fascinating work in which to browse and with which to play the ancient game of *sortes.*

Names

***"New Century Cyclopedia of Names," edited by Clarence L. Barnhart** (Appleton-Century-Crofts. 3 vols., 4,342 pp. $39.50), is reviewed below by Wayne Hartwell.*

ONE of the most dog-eared, much-ly-mended, and frequently rebound volumes in American libraries today is the "Cyclopedia of Names" of the "Century Dictionary." The rest of that late nineteenth-century publication has long been consigned to either the dump heap or the stacks, but the names volume, despite its initial copyright date of 1894, has continued to be in active use.

Today it can be consigned to the dump heap, replaced by a three-volume expansion of itself. The replacement has been needed for decades, but it wasn't until 1947 that a reputable publisher announced that such a project was under way. Since then, an eminent lexicographer, Clarence L. Barnhart, a dependable working staff, and a stellar panel of consultants have been laboring to produce that replacement.

In the preface Mr. Barnhart reports the broad scope of the volume, some 100,000 entries, and states, "The only condition of insertion has been that the name should be one about which information would be likely to be sought." Despite the extravagance of that scope, the "New Century" almost fulfills it. It isn't the reference work which automatically solves all general reference problems, but it does provide one of the finest first sources for any problem concerned with a name.

The term "names" has been interpreted in the most liberal fashion. People, places, literary works and their characters, Supreme Court decisions, and legislative acts all land in one legible alphabet. For all of them the identifying entries are concise and well written with an impressive degree of accuracy.

The failures of the "Cyclopedia" are few in relation to its total success, and most of those are due either to the refusal of people and places to remain static, or to the "housekeeping" problems involved in reference-book publication. The events of 1953 are only partially recorded in the text; impressively with the late 1953 death dates of both Dylan Thomas and John Marin, and not so impressively with the failure to note the creation of a new Indian state, Andhra, and the new capital of an old state, Chandigarh in the Punjab.

The major "housekeeping" problem is easy to explain in relation to a work in progress over a period of years but a little more internal correlation would have eliminated diverse references to official population reports. In more than a few instances entries in one part of the set refer to one official population report, while other entries refer to later reports. The censuses of Denmark for 1945 and 1950, of India for 1941 and 1951, of Italy for 1936 and 1951, and of Mexico for 1940 and 1950 are cited.

Usage of the "Cyclopedia" reveals few serious gaps, but a major flaw seems to be the erratic treatment of the official National Monuments of this country, with many of them completely ignored. One thorough country check (India) proves gaps only in relation to PEPSU (the official nickname for Patiala and East Punjab States Union), Sanchi (a major archeological site), and Trivandrum, the capital of Travancore-Cochin state. It also proves the consistent usage of the unfortunate British term "native states," and the constant reference to "Union of India," officially correct only during the period 1947-1950.

Missing personalities are fewer than missing places; but failing to record Edward Hicks is serious, and ignoring Eustace Tilley, America's most famous "cover-boy," is unfortunate.

All of this is minor carping. When, at the end of this year, Oscars are passed out to the reference books of the year the "New Century" deserves one of the first.

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Congress

"The 1953 Congressional Quarterly Almanac" *(Congressional Quarterly. 631 pp. $17.50) is reviewed below by L. L. L. Golden, sometime editorial writer for the* Toronto Globe and Mail *and the Newark (N. J.)* Star-Ledger.

AS NOVEMBER approaches, one book is must reading for diverse researchers. Republicans or Democrats, in the CIO or the NAM, studious political scientists or conscientious editors, the volume they will turn to is the only authoritative reference on Congress—"The 1953 Congressional Quarterly Almanac."

Not since it was first published in 1945 has it been for sale to any but subscribers to the weekly service of the *Congressional Quarterly.* This is the first year it is on general sale and it ought to find a ready market with libraries unable to afford the weekly service, civic groups, educational organizations, business firms, and those individuals who really want to know just how their Congressmen voted on all issues.

Since the "Congressional Quarterly Almanac" is alone in the field, it is essential to obtain a complete summary of what happened on Capitol Hill during 1953. Its pages include all legislative action taken, complete individual voting records, solid political background information, lists of lobbyists, and analyses of voting patterns, the last interestingly done.

Important as is the subject matter, valuable as is the detailed information, the publishers have taken pains to provide indexing that is full and easy to use. Further, the type is large, the paper is heavy stock, and the binding durable.

For those interested in the unusual, the Almanac provides fascinating browsing. Did you know that there are forty-nine teachers in the House of Representatives and seventeen in the Senate? Or that physicians are evidently too busy to be elected to the Senate, for there are none in that body although there are five in the House of Representatives? Or that there is one dentist in the House and one in the Senate?

It cost $5,584,688.59 to elect the 83rd Congress, and of this amount the Republicans spent $4,080,989.79, or about three times as much as the Democrats, who spent $1,302,245.58. If you would like to know what your favorite Congressman reported he spent in the campaign, it is all in the Almanac.

Other interesting information turns up: Of the eighty-three roll-call tests of his program, President Eisenhower prevailed seventy-four times, fifty-eight times with the help of the Democrats.

The reports on lobby spending are interesting for many reasons. They show that for the full year 1952 the National Headquarters of the American Legion and the American Federation of Labor ran neck and neck, the former spending $106,235.09 and the latter $105,537.20. The American Medical Association spent $309,514.93, including $39,340.67 for its "National Education Campaign."

If you want to know why the National Institute of Diaper Service is interested in lobbying, the answer, according to their attorneys, is that they are concerned with legislation to secure a deduction for income-tax purposes for amounts paid for antiseptic diaper service used to cure or prevent skin infection.

For those interested in Senator McCarthy, or the Harry Dexter White case, there is factual material so that argument can proceed on fact instead of on emotion.

Hymns

"A Treasury of Hymns," edited by Maria Leiper and Henry W. Simon *(Simon & Schuster. 375 pp. $6), is reviewed below by Kenneth D. Miller, ordained Presbyterian minister and president of the New York City Mission.*

WHEN "A Treasury of Hymns," edited by Maria Leiper and Henry W. Simon, is brought into the typical American home, it will be carried straight to the piano, and the members of the family will gather around and sound forth in a more or less melodious "hymn-sing."

This is a book for use in the home, not in the church. The old favorite hymns are all there, and they are arranged for four-voice singing. The print is big enough to be read by those standing around the piano, the words of the hymn are printed below the music, and the key is often lowered in favor of amateur voices. As a result, Dad with his resonant but shaky bass, Junior with his "barber-shop" tenor, Aunt Ida with her quavering alto, as well as Sis with her bell-like soprano are all encouraged to do their best with the parts in "Now the Day Is Over," "The Old Rugged Cross," "Fairest Lord Jesus," "Rock of Ages," or another favorite among the 350 hymns in the book.

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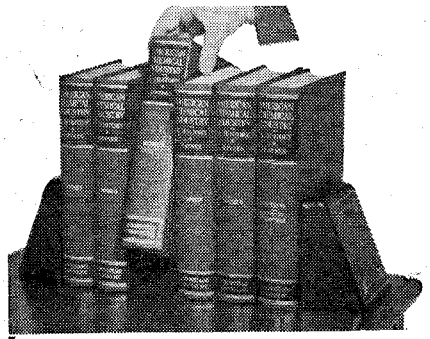

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that will stir memories. "Jesus, Tender Shepherd Hear Me, Bless Thy Little Lamb Tonight" recalls to this reviewer's mind the baby notes of his little girl, now grown to womanhood, as they were wafted down the stairs after her good-night prayer. "Brightly Gleams the Banner" brings back a picture of his own boyhood as he marched in a Sunday School processional scrubbed behind the ears and with Eton collar and bow tie proclaiming this was "Sunday best." "Follow the Gleam" recalls a high-school group he knew in church, while "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" and "O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go" bring back to mind worship services that have been high spots in his life. He has heard his mother tell of singing "Hear the Pennies Dropping One by One" and among the first songs he ever learned were "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know" and "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old."

The editors have done their best to make this a collection of favorite hymns. Quite a few would never be included among the best hymns, but most of them are well and widely known and greatly beloved. The hymns for special times and seasons include a fine selection of Christmas carols. Among the hymns of worship and praise, prayer and supplication are most of the hymns church people know and love.

The colorful decorations by Frank Lieberman and the brief historical notes on each hymn add greatly to the value of the book. It should be a prized and much-used possession in the American home.

Sports

***"The Encyclopedia of Sports," by Frank G. Menke** (A. S. Barnes. 1,018 pp. $10), is reviewed below by Robert W. Henderson, librarian of the Racquet and Tennis Club, New York City.*

THE growth of sports and organized recreation in the United States during the past fifty years has been phenomenal. Their importance is recognized by education, church, and labor, they are encouraged by government, they affect race relationships, and they are breeders of international goodwill. The need for an adequate source of information on sports is obvious, and A. S. Barnes deserves great credit for supplying an excellent encyclopedic reference work, wide enough in range to satisfy the curious, the amateur, and the specialist.

The new edition of Frank G. Menke's "The Encyclopedia of Sports," the latest of several, appears in a new format.

—By Frank Lieberman, for "A Treasury of Hymns."

It has been entirely rewritten and rearranged, the wordage doubled. Long articles have been broken down.

Big-game hunting, wild fowling, the art of angling, and similar pursuits are not included in this volume. Rather, the emphasis is on athletic games such as basketball, tennis, and swimming, but some indoor games such as chess and checkers are listed. Almost any activity for which there are statistics or competitive records will be found.

The articles on rules are brief but adequate. The most impressive feature is the vast array of records and statistics of all kinds, from the average ages of athletes to the winners of the Bermuda Yacht Race, with, of course, complete Olympic records.

Only in the early histories of ball games, admittedly an area of dispute, would we suggest minor corrections. Here again is the fable, somewhat embroidered, that racquets originated in the Fleet Prison. The game of racquets goes back at least to 1500. Mr. Menke labors to discredit the Doubleday-Cooperstown theory of the origin of baseball. He could have made a much stronger case by merely quoting the extensive pre-Doubleday literature of baseball, which he ignores. We are amused to see the theory on the origin of the word "tennis," supposedly derived from the now extinct city on the Nile Delta, named Tinnis. In 1932 this reviewer tentatively suggested that theory, but promptly withdrew it as untenable. Alas, it is now ensconced in "Webster," and it bobs up repeatedly!

Some articles are quite lengthy. Baseball occupies ninety-two pages and, although there is inevitably some duplication with "The Encyclopedia of Baseball," there is much new material here. Horse and Harness Horse Racing, 115 pages, are especially well done. Football covers both college and professional games with complete records.

Although most of the records are for sports in the United States, a brief survey gives pertinent information on major sporting interests abroad. We were interested, but not surprised, to learn that in Saudi Arabia the most popular sports are camel racing and falconry.

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"Encyclopedia, Anyone?"

WHEN it comes to rapping on a door the encyclopedia industry has a kind of golden fist. Just about every set of reference books sold in the country is sold over the threshold, not the counter, and during the last few years encyclopedia sales in the USA alone have climbed and climbed and climbed. In 1952, for example, the last year in which the ledgers were checked by the American Textbook Publishers Institute, an organization representing the bulk of encyclopedia firms, the total came to roughly $89,000,000. It represented a gain of $18,000,000 over the preceding year and $29,000,000 over the year before, which, as they say in less erudite circles, ain't hay.

Still, to the people who look at the country through encyclopedia-colored glasses, all these cheering statistics add up to only a fraction of the sales potential of reference books. It's a situation that should be corrected, they feel, and they are doing their best these days to recruit a force of well-educated and well-knuckled salesmen, give them an A-to-Z training in encyclopedias, and turn them loose in urban and rural America. The *de rigueur* luggage of a salesman is composed of what the trade is fond of calling "a prospectus" (a single volume of the set, except that its pages reflect a sampling of what can be found in all the volumes—indexes, articles, maps, etc.), "a broadside" (a sheet of heavy paper the size of a large flag, which, in stirring prose and illustrations, tells the story of a particular encyclopedia), and "a stretcher" (a kind of accordion volume that, opened, stretches into the full length of a particular set of encyclopedias). A book of testimonials ("I never went to college—I never went to a public or private school of any kind—but I have read your encyclopedia. Thanks.") is usually on hand, too. The great majority of encyclopedia salesmen are full-timers, with the remainder teachers and students, among others. More sets per capita are sold in suburban and rural areas than elsewhere. Evenings are the ripest time for a sale, what with the entire family, especially daddy, gathered around the prospectus, the broadside, the stretcher, and the salesmen.

Among other facts the family is certain to learn is that the encyclopedia price-range is from $100 to $300, paid on the instalment plan. (Sales commission averages about 20 per cent.) Or that the "Encyclopedia Americana" covers everything there is to cover in thirty volumes and 23,780 pages. Or that the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" does it in twenty-four volumes and 26,731 pages. Or "Collier's Encyclopedia" in twenty volumes and 15,000 pages. Or that a set can be purchased by itself, but that there is a more attractive offer if bought in combination with an atlas or a dictionary or a bookcase or a yearbook or even another set of encyclopedias. "Why not?" as one encyclopedia executive explained the two-set effort the other day. "People have two cars in the garage."

ENCYCLOPEDIA salesman are door-rappers, a technique dating back, appropriately enough, to the first encyclopedia to appear in English. That was in 1481. It was called "Mirror of the World," translated from the French by William Caxton. Caxton, living in a world distinguished by illiteracy, among other things, realized that he'd go broke unless he had customers *in advance*. So he signed them up. Subscription-selling bloomed splendidly over the centuries. Back in 1688 an edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost" appeared with "The NAMES of the Nobility and Gentry That Encourag'd, by Subscription, the printing" appearing up front of the volume. It was a cheap way for a well-heeled anyone to see his name in the company of bookish folk. Mark Twain was a crackerjack; he

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sold many of his books by subscription—1,500,000 copies of "Tom Sawyer," to give one little example.

Even five centuries after Caxton broke the ice the method of encyclopedia-selling hasn't changed fundamentally. It is still pretty much of a door-to-door operation, supplemented by leads, invitations, and so on. It has proved to be the best single way of selling reference works. Many reasons are volunteered by the industry, but those that keep recurring stress economy and efficiency. For example: "Any method other than direct selling would result in a price so high that all good reference works would be 'luxuries,' beyond the average home, school, or library." Or: "Bookstore personnel, in general, has neither the necessary intimate knowledge of educational needs nor the time for patient, intelligent selling." Or: "People cannot want what they do not know about—no amount of advertising can fully present the facts or answer all the questions." As one expert summed it up: "You can leave a set of encyclopedias in a book store until hell freezes over, and chances are you won't sell more than one or two a year."

IN RECENT years something of a bar has been introduced by a number of communities that have passed ordinances against direct selling. Admittedly, there have been abuses by fly-by-night salesmen trying to unload junk on the nation's doorsteps, but the encyclopedia people's chief rebuttal has been: "This hardly justifies 'burning the house down to get rid of the rats'." The National Better Business Bureau, Inc., has backed up them and other door-to-door industries. Further the encyclopedia industry, among others, has played ball with the anti-direct-selling towns by setting up a system to prove that their sales people aren't hit-and-run.

Even though the encyclopedia vs. ordinance dispute is still going on, sales continue to pile up and up. The industry has a variety of explanations. Prosperity, a greater interest on the part of the public, a mania for facts—all these are listed, but the one overriding all the others is still: Children. The encyclopedia salesman's best asset, they have found the big books help them get A's on their report cards, a piece of intelligence they have passed along to their proud parents. Further, many schools are overcrowded and a set of encyclopedias at home is a kind of teacher-in-print. Anyway, the upshot is that about 95 per cent of all encyclopedias are sold to Mr. and Mrs. USA, with the remainder scattered among schools and libraries. —BERNARD KALB.

Reference Book Checklist

WHAT follows is a highly selective but representative checklist of reference books published during the past year.

It includes only a few suggestions of books of general information that will be useful in the home library. An encyclopedia is a basic addition to the home reference shelf that every member of the family will enjoy. Leading examples of the multi-volume encyclopedia are the "Americana," the "Britannica," "Collier's," and "Grolier" for adults, and "The Book of Knowledge," "Compton's," and "World Book" for children. Leading examples of one-volume encyclopedias are the "Columbia," the "Columbia Viking Desk Encyclopedia," and the "Lincoln Library of Essential Information." Each publisher of multi-volume sets publishes an annual year book covering the events of the year in alphabetic subject sequence to keep his work up to date; supplements are issued from time to time to keep the one-volume encyclopedia au courant. Limitation of space prohibits the listing of all good encyclopedias. We suggest that you consult the *Subscription Books Bulletin*, a publication of the American Library Association, in your local library for an evaluation of subscription sets not listed here.

General Information

COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA, with 1953 supplement. Columbia University Press. $35. A 65,000-word supplement has been added to this new edition.

COLUMBIA VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA, Edited by William Bridgwater and others. Viking Press. 1,092 pp. $7.95. Thumb-indexed, $8.95. Reviewed on page 37.

INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC. 1954. Edited by Dan Goulenpaul. The Macmillan Co. Clothbound, $2. Paperbound, $1.

NEW INTERNATIONAL 1954 YEARBOOK. Edited by Henry E. Vizetelly. Funk & Wagnalls. 704 pp. $10. Outstanding events of the year chronicled by more than 300 authorities.

THE STANDARD BOOK OF PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE. By Lawrence W. Bridge. Funk & Wagnalls. $3. A practical new approach to parliamentary procedure.

WHO'S WHO: 1954. The Macmillan Co. $16. Biographies of leading living Britons and others.

THE WORLD ALMANAC. Edited by Harry Hansen. New York World-Telegram. Clothbound, $1.85. Paperbound, $1.10.

YEAR 1953. Simon & Schuster. 208 pp. $10. A summary of the significant happenings of 1952 in picture and word.

YEARBOOK OF WORLD AFFAIRS. Frederick A. Praeger. 438 pp. $3.50. A survey of current political, economic, social problems.

Dictionaries

THE BRITANNICA WORLD LANGUAGE DICTIONARY. Edited by the Staff of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Funk & Wagnalls. 2 vols., $35. Reviewed on page 38.

A DICTIONARY OF NEW WORDS IN ENGLISH. By Paul C. Berg. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 176 pp. $2.95. A-bomb, bennies, contrail, ectomorph, frog-man, hydroponics, quizzes, Security Council, zoot suit, and several thousand other terms that have come into use in England and America in recent years are given their due.

EVERYMAN'S THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES. Revised from Peter Roget by D. C. Browning. E. P. Dutton & Co. 572 pp. $3.75. A centennial revision of this classified dictionary reference classic, indispensable to all who write.

A DICTIONARY OF BALLET TERMS. By Leo Kersley and Janet Sinclair. Drawings by Peter Revih. Pitman Publishing Corp. 96 pp. $2.75. A Sadler's Wells dancer, his wife, and an illustrator have collaborated to give ballet goers and performers a needed vocabulary understanding.

DICTIONARY OF CIVICS AND GOVERNMENT. By Marjorie Tallman. New York: Philosophical Library. 291 pp. $5. Here are current terms like academic freedom, boondoggling, chemurgy, deflation, tidelands, unit rule, Voice of America, and hundreds of others, with political overtones for local, state, and Federal Government, defined to aid an informed public opinion.

Atlases, Geography, Travel

COLLIER'S WORLD ATLAS AND GAZETTEER. P. F. Collier & Son. 472 pp. $17.50. Reviewed on page 36.

HAMMOND'S LIBRARY WORLD ATLAS. C. S. Hammond & Co. 332 pp. $5.95. A good medium-priced and -sized atlas with a variety of geographical information and useful maps.

THE NEW 1954 RAND McNALLY ROAD ATLAS. Rand McNally & Co. $1.50. A revised edition of this popular atlas.

OUR COUNTRY AMERICA. By Christie McFall. Macmillan Co. 35 unnumbered pages. $2.75. A picture story of the United States told in air-view maps, cut-away drawings, graphic illustrations, and a minimum of text. Emphasizes today and what out of the past went into it. Appealing equally to child and adult.

RAND McNALLY WORLD GUIDE. Rand McNally & Co. 736 pp. $6.95. A gazetteer with readable accounts of the countries of the world.

WORLD GEO-GRAPHIC ATLAS. Edited by Herbert Bayer. 368 pp. Container Corporation of America. $35. Reviewed on page 37.

Literature

BREWER'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASE AND FABLE. Harper & Brothers. 977 pp. $5. A revised, enlarged, and reset edition of a standard work.

CASSEL'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF LITERATURE. Edited by S. H. Steinberg. Funk & Wagnalls. 2 vols., 2,086 pp. $25. Reviewed on page 38.

CALVALCADE OF COMEDY. Edited by Louis Kronenberger. Simon and Schuster. 715 pp. $7.50. Twenty-one plays beginning with Ben Jonson's "The Alchemist" and ending with John Van Druten's "The Voice of the Turtle." In between, Congreve, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Wilde, Shaw, Maugham, Kelly, Thurber, Coward, and others are each represented by one play and commentary. A good reference collection for the playgoer.

—By Doug Anderson, for "What to Do with Your Preschooler."

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DICTIONARY OF SHAKESPEARE QUOTATIONS. Compiled by D. C. Browning. E. P. Dutton & Co. 560 pp. $4.50. More than 3,500 entries of "quote-worthy" extracts, plus a summary of each play.

DICTIONARY OF WORLD LITERATURE. Edited by Joseph T. Shipley. Philosophical Library. 453 pp. $7.50. From "ABC" to "Zeugma" the articles deal with criticism, forms, techniques, schools, movements, and the definition of terms involved. A good companion for the literary worker's reference shelf.

DRURY'S GUIDE TO BEST PLAYS. By F. K. W. Drury. Scarecrow Press. 365 pp. $6.50. About 1,200 plays from all times and places that are available in English are listed, with dates of first performance and publication, synopses, information about such things as number of acts, types of settings, number and sex of players. A "natural" for theatre lovers.

I AM HAPPY TO PRESENT. Compiled by Guy R. Lyle and Kevin Guinagh. H. W. Wilson Co. 265 pp. $3. How to introduce a speaker: custom, etiquette, and protocol, with models, including Will Rogers's introduction of FDR, and Chauncey M. Depew's of William Jennings Bryan.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Edited by Robert E. Spiller, Willard Thorp, Thomas H. Johnson, and Henry Seidel Canby. The Macmillan Co. $9. Revised edition of a three-volume work now bound in one volume.

THE NEW TREASURE CHEST. By J. Donald Adams. E. P. Dutton & Co. 440 pp. $4. An anthology of reflective prose.

A READER'S NOTEBOOK. Edited and compiled by Gerald Kennedy. Harper & Brothers. 340 pp. $3.95. A source book of illustrative material for the preacher, speaker, writer, etc.

WHAT SHALL I READ NEXT. By F. Seymour Smith. Cambridge University Press. 232 pp. $2. A personal selection of some 2,000 books published since 1900 in fiction, poetry, drama, biography, history, travel, philosophy, religion, and other humanistic areas, but not science. Annotations and indexes aid reference. A helpful guide for reading groups.

WORLD'S BEST BOOKS: HOMER TO HEMINGWAY. By Asa Don Dickinson. H. W. Wilson Co. 484 pp. $6. The 3,000 books are a "consensus of expert opinion" as edited by an expert librarian selector. Each book is described briefly and indexed by subject, date, nationality, literary form.

Education

CHILDREN'S TOYS THROUGHOUT THE AGES. By Leslie Daiken. Frederick A. Praeger. 208 pp. $4.95. With 115 illustrations and text on toys that teach, move, make music, act like soldiers, or become dolls. Lists of distinguished collections and collectors are featured.

COLLEGE PLACEMENT DIRECTORY. By O. T. Zimmerman and Irwin Lavine. Industrial Research Service. 431 pp. $10.75. A classified guide to job opportunities for college graduates with detailed lists of firms as well as colleges and their placement officers.

EDUCATIONAL FILM GUIDE. 11th ed. Edited by Frederick A. Krahn. H. W. Wilson Co. 1,037 pp. $7.50. Since 16mm film is increasingly finding its way into the home, this list of 11,000 titles, including 3,000 available free, is invaluable. Listed by subject and title, with annotations and references to reviews in *SR* and other publications.

LOVEJOY'S COLLEGE GUIDE. By Clarence Lovejoy. Simon and Schuster. 246 pp. $2.95. Paperbound, $1.95. Thumbnail sketches on over 2,000 American colleges and universities with general advice on choosing a college and a career curriculum.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR PRESCHOOLER. By Lillian and Godfrey Frankel. Illustrated by Doug Anderson. Sterling Publishing Co. 128 pp. $2. For example, paints, scrapbooks, rhythm, pet care, clay and chalk, cut-outs, travel, and activities for the sick child. Your baby-sitter needs this, too.

Games and Sports

101 BEST PARTY GAMES FOR ADULTS. By Lillian and Godfrey Frankel. Illustrated by Doug Anderson. Sterling Publishing Co. 128 pp. $2. Icebreakers as well as parlor, party, mental, dramatic, club, and church social events, picnic, travel, and other varieties of activities to mark or save the occasion.

THE HANDBOOK OF SKITS AND STUNTS. By Helen and Larry Eisenberg. Association

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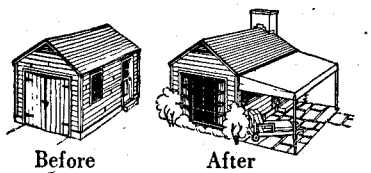

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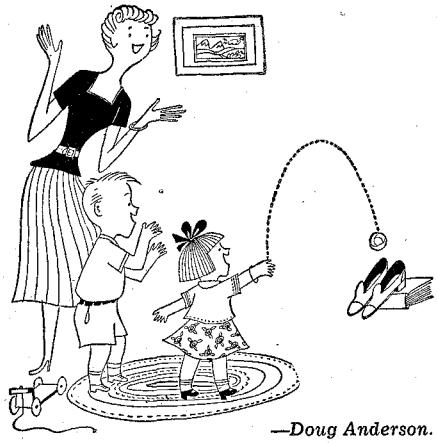

—*Doug Anderson.*

Press. 254 pp. $2.95. Over 400 entertainment ideas for teen and adult groups that any one with that responsibility will appreciate.

BOOK OF GAMES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Evelyne Borst. A. S. Barnes & Co. 277 pp. $3.50. Includes games for gymnasium, with and without equipment, and seasonal, holiday games, picnics, and instructions both for players and leaders. A topnotch home and school library reference book.

FOSTER'S COMPLETE HOYLE. By R. F. Foster. J. B. Lippincott Co. 697 pp. $3.50. According to Hoyle, there are now 278 games and revisions in its new edition, including canasta, gin rummy, and the latest laws of contract and duplicate bridge.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPORTS. By Frank G. Menke. A. S. Barnes & Co. 1040 pp. $10. All of the major and minor ones with their various aspects are presented accessibly.

MODERN FOOTBALL FOR THE SPECTATOR. By Charles W. Caldwell, Jr. J. B. Lippincott Co. 192 pp. $2.95. Princeton's head coach proves here he understands the spectator's point-of-view. A book for mother and daughter, as spring practice swings into action, and for next fall.

SPORTSMAN'S DIGEST OF FISHING. By Hal Sharp. Sterling Publishing Co. 256 pp. $1.50. Wet, dry, fly, and bait fishing explained simply by drawings and text so that even the uninitiated can understand.

HOW TO BE A CONSISTENT WINNER AT THE MOST POPULAR CARD GAMES. By John R. Crawford. Doubleday & Co. 256 pp. $2.95. Offers a simple system of strategy for eleven favorite card games. Includes all the latest rules for bridge, canasta, samba, poker, etc.

HOW TO PLAY YOUR BEST GOLF ALL THE TIME. By Tommy Armour. Simon & Schuster. 151 pp. $2.95. The first book from the "maker of champions." Illustrations by Lealand Gustavson.

RECREATION FOR THE AGING. By Arthur Williams. Association Press. 192 pp. $3. A comprehensive handbook for clubs, centers, camps, churches, unions, and other groups.

YOUR SCHOOL CLUBS. By Nellie Zetta Thompson. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. A guide to 500 activities for group leaders and members.

Art

GUIDE TO COLOR PRINTS. By Milton Brooke and Henry J. Dubester. Scarecrow Press. 269 pp. $4.50. Lists and describes 5,000 reproductions of 4,000 paintings by 1,000 artists giving size, price, and source. Artists, art teachers, and art lovers will refer frequently to this guide.

BEST CARTOONS OF THE YEAR: 1953. Edited by Lawrence Lariar. Crown Publishers. 128 pp. $2.50. Others may select others, but these are hard to beat.

U. S. CAMERA 1954. Edited by T. J. Maloney. Little, Brown & Co. 424 pp. $7.95. The best of the year in photography.

VOICES OF SILENCE. By André Malraux. Doubleday & Co. 661 pp. $25. Art through the ages as seen by a distinguished French esthetician and philosopher.

Music, Theatre

GOOD LISTENING. By R. D. Darrell. Alfred A. Knopf. 206 pp. $2.75. Stresses LP records, how to select them and provides a list of those available.

MUSIC FOR THE PIANO. By James Friskin and Irwin Freundlich. Edited by Ernest Hutcheson. Rinehart & Co. 432 pp. $5. An extensive handbook and bibliography of available concert and teaching material, from 1580 to 1952. Seven hundred composers are represented.

A TREASURY OF HYMNS. Edited by Maria Leiper and Henry W. Simon. Simon & Schuster. Reviewed on page 41.

THE VICTOR BOOK OF THE OPERAS. By Louis Biancolli and Robert Bagar. Simon & Schuster. 628 pp. $5. Third revised edition of one of the hardiest best sellers in the field of music.

THE OPERA READER. By Louis Biancolli. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $6.50. Reviewed in *SR* Oct. 31, 1953.

BALANCHINE'S COMPLETE STORIES OF THE GREAT BALLETS. By George Balanchine. Doubleday & Co. 615 pp. $5.95. An authoritative volume designed to recreate the unique flavor of 131 of the world's greatest ballets in performance.

BALLET ANNUAL, 1954. Edited by Arnold Haskell. The Macmillan Co. $4.50.

BEST PLAYS OF 1952-1953. Edited by Louis Kronenbreger. Dodd, Mead & Co. 374 pp. $4.50. Excerpts from ten of the best, plus statistics and other data about the season.

History

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Edited by Richard B. Morris. Harper & Bros. 776 pp. $6. All the essential historical facts about the United States in chronological setting, with a master index ot make cross-reference easy.

A VISUAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Harold U. Faulkner. Abelard-Schuman. 199 pp. $5. Seventy-five thousand words of narrative, illustrated by photographs, maps, and diagrams.

HISTORICAL ATLAS OF THE UNITED STATES. Revised by Clifford Lee and Elizabeth Hubbard Lord. Henry Holt & Co. 238 pp. $3.75. In these 312 outline maps is a graphic political, economic, and social history of the nation.

THE COLUMBIA HISTORICAL PORTRAIT OF NEW YORK. By John A. Kouwenhoven. Doubleday & Co. 550 pp. $21. An impressive record of a great city told in seventeen full-color illustrations and 950 in black-and-white.

Business and Economics

DICTIONARY OF ECONOMICS. By Harold S. Sloan and Arnold J. Zurcher. Barnes & Noble. 356 pp. $3.25. Paperbound, $1.75. About 2400 terms are clearly defined.

HOW TO ATTAIN FINANCIAL SECURITY AND SELF-CONFIDENCE. By Marvin Small. Simon and Schuster. 298 pp. $2.95. "Six little works, the key to success" are the theme of these 300 pages. If you find them little, you will make big money, but if you find them big—well, take a look at this guide to making money, for yourself.

A WOMAN'S GUIDE TO FINANCIAL SECURITY. By Joyce Clarke and Sally Dickson. M. Barrows & Co. 185 pp. $2.75. Sound advice on investments.

RETIREMENT HANDBOOK. By Joseph Buckley. Harper & Bros. 329 pp. $3.95. For the golden age much practical help on financial, health, recreation, vocations, avocations, places to live, and climate.

THE ECONOMIC ALMANAC. Prepared by the National Conference Board. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 740 pp. $3.95. A handbook of useful facts about business, labor, and government in the United States and other areas.

Science and Technology

NATURAL HISTORY. Edited by Charles Tate Reagan. John de Graff, Inc. 896 pp. $12.50. A cyclopedia prepared by the director of the British Museum of Natural History with the assistance of contributors. Contains over 1,000 photographs, sixteen color plates, descriptive and identifying text which add up to a comprehensive survey of the animal kingdom from the lowest unicellular organisms to the highest complex forms.

HOW ANIMALS MOVE. By James Gray. Cambridge University Press. 114 pp. $3. A remarkable children's reference book about snakes, bats, fishes, fleas, grasshoppers, kangaroos, newts, horses, birds, flies and their locomotion.

DICTIONARY OF SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL WORDS. By W. E. Flood and M. West. Longmans, Green & Co. $3. Definitions and pronunciations of 10,000 items for the layman. Profusely illustrated.

Home-making

DESIGN YOUR HOME FOR LIVING. By Mabel B. Trilling and Florence Williams Nicholas. J. B. Lippincott Co. 408 pp. $5. That means attention to furnishings, gardens, small articles, silver, glassware, curtains, wallpaper, pictures, exteriors, and the hosts of details that make a home out of a house.

THE HOME WORKSHOP. By William R. Wellman. D. Van Nostrand Co. 256 pp. $3.75. A cyclopedia of planning, tool selection, maintenance, lighting, power that will spare the workman hours of frustration and repetition.

COMPLETE BOOK OF HOME FREEZING. By Hazel Meyer. J. B. Lippincott Co. 384 pp. $4.95. Selection, care, management of freezer and guides on what to put in it. A timely home reference book.

CLOTHING CONSTRUCTION. By Evelyn A. Mansfield. Houghton Mifflin Co. 453 pp. $5.50. The 550 photographs and the many cross-references combine to give this textbook on every phase of sewing a high reference value.

BACHARACH'S BOOK FOR MEN. By Bert Bacharach. A. S. Barnes & Co. 159 pp. $2.50. What every man should know about his clothes, grooming, habits, cooking, socializing, drinking, driving, getting married, etc., by the editor of the weekly syndicated "Stag Lines."

ESQUIRE ETIQUETTE. By the Editors of *Esquire*. J. B. Lippincott Co. 512 pp. $5. In business, sports, or society, there is a gentleman's way of removing friction and *Esquire* shows how with humor.

FAMILY FINANCE. By Howard F. Bigelow. J. B. Lippincott Co. 460 pp. $5.75. Offers sound advice on such household headaches as home owning versus renting, car financing, college educations, vacations, insurance, inflation, and installment buying.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR HOME WORTH MORE. By Emanuele Stieri. Prentice-Hall. 204 pp. $4.95. Suggestions on planning small changes or extensive remodeling to improve the appearance and usefulness of a home.

Hobbies

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF CAT CARE. By Leon F. Whitney. Doubledday & Co. 284 pp. $3.95.

THE CARE AND TRAINING OF HOME CAGE BIRDS. By Bernard Poe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 120 pp. $2.50.

PLANTS INDOORS. By Mary Noble and J. L. Merkel. D. Van Nostrand Co. $6.95. A guide to their care, selection, and use in decoration.

FLOWER SHOW GUIDE. By Anne Wersther Wood. M. Barrows & Co. $3. Complete advice on exhibiting, staging, and judging. The duties of committee members, rules for schedules, etc., are covered.

THE GARDENER'S ABC OF PEST AND DISEASE. By A. W. Dimock. M. Barrows & Co. 192 pp. $2.95. An invaluable guide book to the most popular flowers, shrubs, trees, and vegetables, with their ailments, cures, and controls.

THE MACMILLAN WILD FLOWER BOOK. By Clarence J. Hylander. The Macmillan Co. $15. A descriptive text covering 500 flowering plants, with illustrations by Edith Farrington Johnston. A guide chart to flower families and methods of flower identification are provided in the introduction.

LAND BIRDS OF AMERICA. By Robert Cushman Murphy and Dean Amadon. McGraw-Hill Book Co. More than 200 color photographs and fifty in black-and-white by some twenty-five photographers.

POCKET GUIDE TO THE BIRDS. By Allan D. Cruickshank. Dodd, Mead & Co. 216 pp. $2.95. A unique, easy method of bird identification explained for beginner and expert. Covers Eastern and Central North America.

TELLING TREES. By Julius King. William Sloane Assoc. 127 pp. $2. A practical field handbook and reference guide to more than 100 common trees of the United States.

GUIDE TO NATURE HOBBIES. By E. L. Jordan. C. S. Hammond & Co. 65 pp. $2.95. How to collect butterflies, seashells, and rocks, and studdy any one of dozens of other natural phenomena. Directions are simple, illustrated, and step-by-step. Includes 146 black and white drawings, something about phhotographing nature and how to fish and hunt.

DENHOF'S COMPLETE UNITED STATES STAMP ALBUM. Hanover House. $3.50. Every stamp issued is illustrated in full detail. Based on the research of Stanley B. Ashbrook, Lester G. Brookman, and Max G. Johl.

—EDITH BUSBY.

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USA

Continued from page 17

place is, more specifically, Times Square. Bowen has made the sleazy, submerged, seldom-glimpsed underworld of Times Square peculiarly his own. Here he is at his best. Only in the piece "Times Square Kid" does he completely succeed in creating his characters' milieu. And his brittle, jerky, nervous prose is peculiarly suited to describing the life of Times Square.

BOWEN works very close to the events he describes. That is, he attends the trial of his criminal, does not come along a year or so later and work from the transcript of testimony. Bowen's facts are hot off the street. Thus his pieces have the great impact of immediacy (and at the same time they lack perspective). This is dead-pan reporting, done at close range and set down in highly kinetic style.

Bowen's preference is for the ordinary, not the celebrated. For the most part he works on men whose crimes attract little attention in the daily press. Thus he sets himself a difficult task. When Bowen succeeds with the ordinary, he succeeds spectacularly, for somehow we feel that he has plucked an individual human out of the faceless restless mass in the great city and held him up wriggling for all to marvel at for, lo, he is not ordinary at all. Sometimes, on the other hand, Bowen succeeds less well, and then the ordinary becomes nothing more than ordinary, and not very interesting. Thus the case of Robert Brown scarcely seems worth all the trouble Bowen has taken, unless one accepts the arguable theory of the psychiatrists that Brown's was a "flight into custody." Again, the last chapter presents far and away the best description I have ever read of how a man feels upon unexpectedly getting out of prison; but beyond that there is nothing, the story gets nowhere, it ends where it began, there was really less here than met the eye.

The excellence of Bowen's deadpan style is shown best in "The Brutal Cop." I have read no story more terrifying. A young man talked back to a cop in Times Square, and the cop beat him mercilessly. That is all; but Bowen, telling it with a fine calm, makes us smell the station house and feel the crunch of bone. He has chosen not to manipulate the story skilfully—not, for example, to make more of the cop and to drop his background in early so he comes alive—but merely to let the facts transpire in an almost stubbornly clumsy way; and their impact is enormous.

Bowen's dogged endless fascination by fact is his great strength. It is his weakness, too. Sometimes his facts are telling, sometimes irrelevant. In doing legwork he uses the vacuum-cleaner method, collecting everything—and he puts it all in. He cannot, apparently, bear to cut. Thus when the piece "Time Square Kid" appeared in *The New Yorker* a few years ago and subsequently in a collection of pieces by St. Clair McKelway (who apparently edited the piece), it was considerably shorter and tighter than it is here.

But although the writing in this book occasionally bogs down in detail, at its best it is journalism raised to its highest power. In the sordid files of the welfare agencies, courts, and police stations resides a great deal of the history of our sordid times. This is one of the best books to come out of the files in a long time.

Colonial Smokes

CHESAPEAKE BAY PIONEERS: "This inland sea—the Mediterranean of America . . . was the principal factor in the development of Virginia and Maryland." These words are the theme which is expanded in 350 pages of scholarly, but not dull or pedantic, treatment in Arthur Pierce Middleton's **"Tobacco Coast: A History of Chesapeake Bay in the Colonial Era"** (Mariners' Museum, $5).

Mr. Middleton is not primarily interested in tobacco as a crop. His concern is with its place in the commerce of the eighteenth century and the problems resulting from the determination in the colonies and England to promote and safeguard the tobacco trade. The period from about 1660 to 1763 receives the greater notice.

During the wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, whose stakes included colonial empires, the Chesapeake people were in frequent danger, and more frequent apprehension, of attack from the Spanish, the Dutch, the French, or pirates. As early as 1667 a British vessel was dispatched to the Bay to protect its shipping, and after 1684 there was normally a royal warship on guard.

From a variety of sources, to which he makes many citations, Mr. Middleton has gone far toward his objective of discussing "every aspect of the maritime history of colonial Virginia and Maryland," and he perhaps is too modest when he says that he claims no literary merit for his work.

—WILL D. GILLIAM, JR.

William Faulkner's "MISSISSIPPI"

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NASSAU.

ANYONE who has a secret desire to be a tropical David Niven; who would enjoy wearing a Paisley ascot at the neck of a sports shirt with no threat of being held as a heretic; who fancies himself in pants that are too short to qualify as trousers and too long to pass for shorts, and who would be titillated within an inch of delirium by running the palmy roads in a yellow Singer sports car will find the very essence of civilized English coloniana here on this displaced sandbar that belongs to Old Blighty.

I must admit that I find all these endeavors a perfectly attractive way of escaping the winter of reality as well as the winter of New York. There is, let's face it, a great and warming pleasure in playing for a day, a sort of truant Alec Guinness sprung from the clerk's bench by some devious chicanery and catapulted within an hour's flying time into a civilization where even the palms are debonair.

This whole concept of escape and transference must have lately become obvious to a horde of citizens from the nearby USA, for Nassau has never before recorded the number of visitors now flooding in here. There were 10,000 paying guests on the grounds during January, and it looks like the house count for the year is going to total about 100,000, which is to say about a quarter of the number of Americans who currently go to Europe. Moreover, like Miami, business has ceased to be a seasonal occupation. Nobody hibernates for the summer any more, because the place is full of two-weeks-with-pay employes down to spend a fortnight on the same acres where only the rich can come in winter.

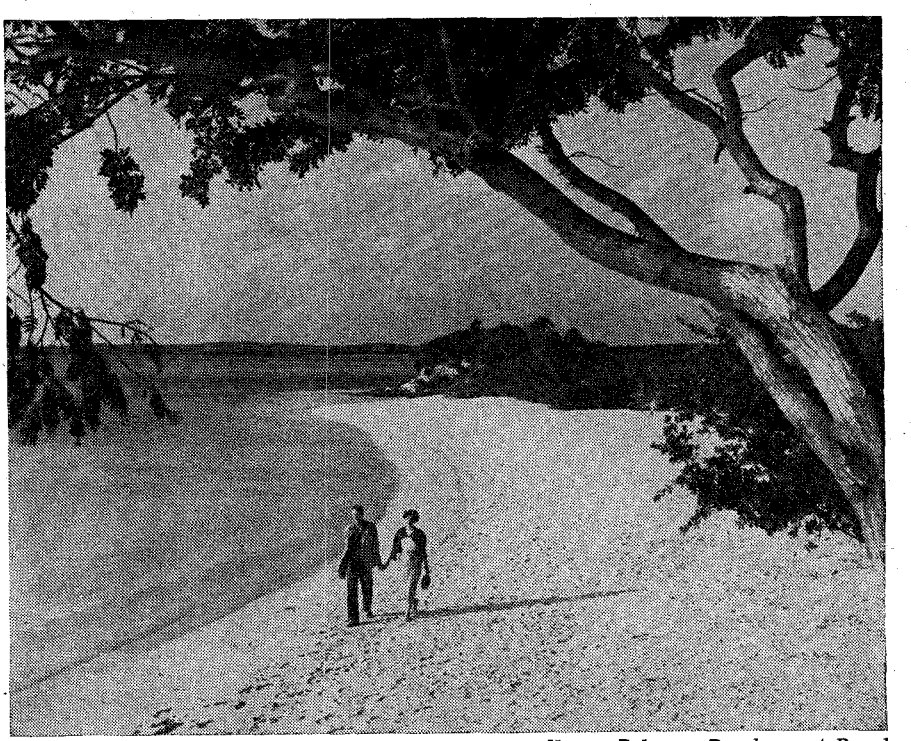
Coming in July is a new 300-room hotel to be called the Emerald Beach. It is already well out of the ground on a seaside plot about five miles from town. While the arrival of a sizable new hotel hardly makes more ripple in Miami than the arrival of another convertible Cadillac bearing north-country license plates, it is powerful news down here. It is going to mean that the old houses desperately in need of a refurbishing—the Fort Montagu Beach is one—will either have to beautify or surrender to a subordinate position at a lower rate.

Nassau is also showing a preference for developing colonies of small cottages rentable for almost any length of time, where one can keep light house if one desires. Usually there is a pool of servant help to draw upon, and it is not very expensive either. Such an establishment is the Nassau Racquet Club (it *does* have a tennis court) which has combination living-room, bedroom, and kitchen units and extracts $18 a day in season for the layout. It has an inland location, but there is a swimming pool right on hand and nowhere on Nassau is very far from the beach. Should you tire of driving out for meals you can shop in the commissary, draw on the services of a maid to cook dinner at fifty cents an hour, a fee which also includes rassling breakfast together in the morning.

Palmdale Villas is a rather large estate sprinkled with cottages, palms, and deep white chairs, and has a wooden fence running all around to keep the little dears from rambling off the reservation. Its villas have two bedrooms, a living room, bath, and kitchen, a porch and a car shelter. The tariff here is $26 a day for the villa from January 1 to March 31, $6 less during the month of April, and $12 a day from May 1 right through to the end of October. A cook-maid can be added to your household at $16 a week.

For those types who still prefer the at-your-elbow service and whatever advantages accrue from being in a big house, there is the aforementioned Fort Montagu Beach Hotel, which has a fine beach and facilities for water-skiing and boating. The big island bulwark is still the British Colonial, still owned by Lady Oakes, but perhaps not quite as starchy as it was in years gone by. Its grounds are exquisite, and a tremendous buffet lunch is served on the manicured lawn each day, looking out to the sea. The beach seems to wash away every fall, but it has been rebuilt again, and there are four permanent tennis courts which are tended by Lloyd Budge, who taught his brother Don how to play—and rather successfully, too.

I GUESS it is safe to say that the Royal Victoria is Nassau's oldest hotel. It was built in 1859, after fifteen years of plumping by the *Nassau Guardian*. Said the far-sighted editor, "At least five hundred invalids a year would spend the winter here, and the pecuniary advantage would benefit the whole community." The Royal Victoria did a booming business with the start of the American Civil War, and it was filled with Confederate officers arranging for ammunition, blockade runners, and Lancashire textile men trying to get cotton through to the English mills. The Cunard Line sent a steamer down from New York once a month (fare:



—Nassau-Bahamas Development Board.

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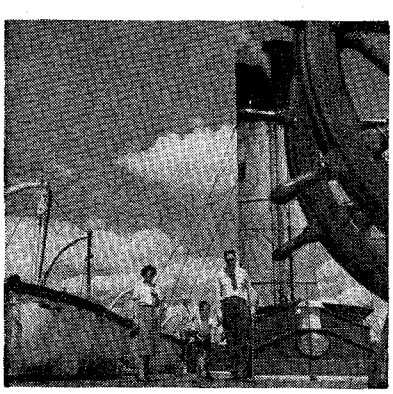

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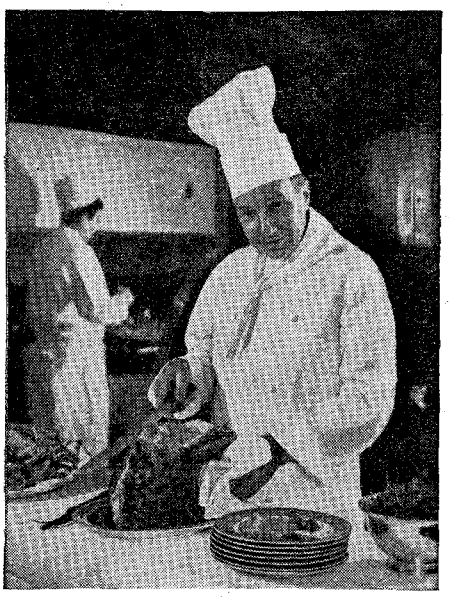
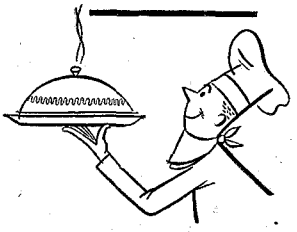


This man is a Sailor



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Coindivers—"the pecuniary advantage would benefit the whole community."

$45) and the hotel charged $3 a day.

The invalids who come now benefit the whole community to the tune of about $15 a day, including breakfast and dinner, which are served on the candlelight terrace under the coconut palms. The coconuts are amputated regularly to diminish the threat to crania and crockery. There is also a pool, and need I say the whole place has been spruced up quite a bit since those early days.

To vary the daily scene one can arrange for excursions out to Paradise Beach, a strand situated inexplicably on the fringe of a place called Hog Island. You can pick up a little cruiser at the docks off Rawson Square in the center of town, and chug out to the island in a few minutes. It costs fifty cents on the boat and $1 to set foot on the island, a fee which includes running you in a station wagon along a magnificent avenue of sweepy Australian pines which stand along the route to the beach.

A dozen thatched huts have been placed along the sand where you can picnic or shade yourself from the sun, or write home for more money. All this looked quite like paradise to me, but some perfectionist soul has noticed that when the wind is out of the West the water gets a little choppy so now the opposite side of the sandbar is going to be developed too. The money is coming from Mr. Axel Wenner-Gren, who has plenty, and from what sources I wouldn't know. Anyway, Mr. Wenner-Gren's new beach is certainly a delightful and sheltered crescent all framed with sea grape trees, and you will shortly be able to loll on it or swim from it with the greatest of pleasure.

The same Mr. Wenner-Gren is also dipping into his exchequer to help along some of the out-island projects which are part of Nassau, among them the recently opened Andros Island enterprise. And there are others coming, some with such imaginative names as Green Turtle Key and Spanish Wells, which always remind me of those popover-and-dust-ruffle cognomina that somebody sticks on the roads of Connecticut.

ANYWAY, since many excursionists come down to Nassau for the bargains, I had better tell you what I found among the shops. In the first place, let me assure you that the straw market at Rawson Square is still going strong, the lady purveyors still come out with those strange musical

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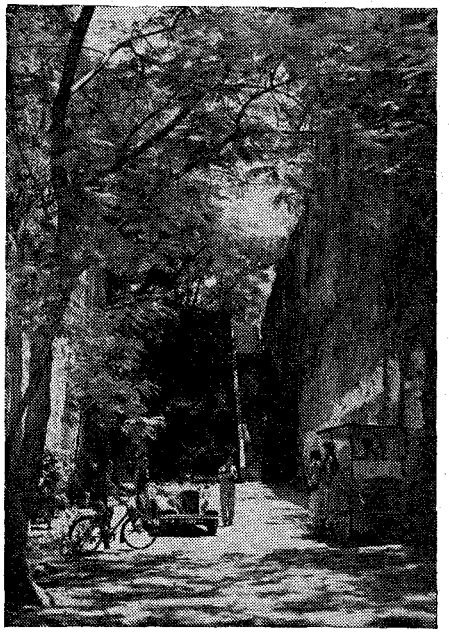
sentences, and the styles this year are running to coolie-shaped hats, which for my money look best on coolies, and peaked numbers with assorted shaped bumps which, I judge, are favored by life-of-the-party types, especially aboard cruise ships. Now then, to get down to usables, cashmere cardigans run about $20, Daks for men are $21.50, men's suits start at $85, and sport jackets—those by Jaeger, for example—are pegged at $85, and argyle socks are $4. No bargains here.

While booze is not the buy it is in St. Thomas, still it is a hefty saving over your corner store: Scotch runs $3 a fifth; Canadian Club, $3.50; and the brandies, $4.50. You can bring in a gallon duty free. The selection of English chinaware is spotty at best, and there is nothing like the variety that's available in Bermuda. Far and away the best purchase is French perfume, and I have gotten together a small chart to show you the comparison in prices by the ounce.

	Nassau	N. Y.	U.S. Total with tax
Joy	$29	$45	$54
Chanel #5	$13.50	$20	$24
Femme	$16.50	$25	$30
Miss Dior	$15.40	$30	$36
Arpège	$11.50	$23.50	$28.20

In any case, do your shopping before it gets to be Friday afternoon, when the whole town packs in and goes off to the races. What are raced are not horses, but Lilliputian Bahamian ponies, and maybe you had better not go expecting to find Hialeah or Santa Anita. The track is called Hobby Horse Hall, the jockeys are girls, and the horses are given a



The Queen's Staircase in Nassau.

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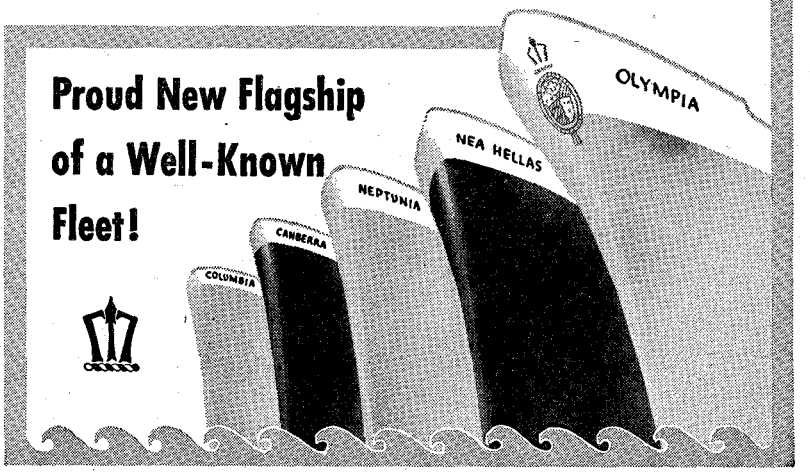

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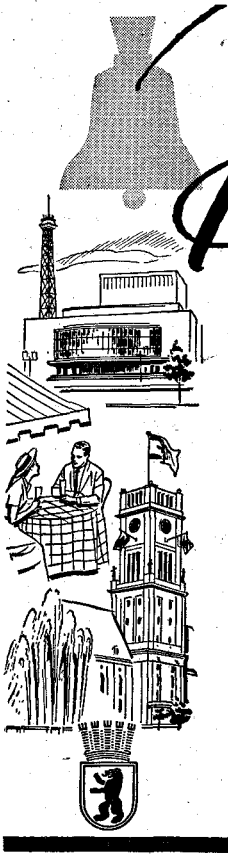

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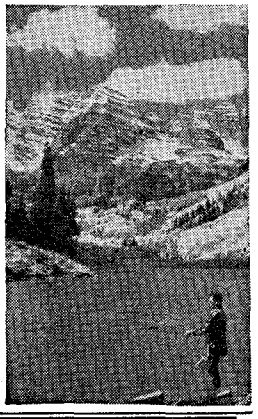

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daily bath in the ocean. I don't know, maybe it's the sun.

—Horace Sutton.

Traveler's Tale

U.N. PUBLICATION: Persons contemplating study in foreign lands will find most useful a UNESCO publication called **"Study Abroad."** This annual handbook, published first in 1948, has become an essential source of information for every exchange student, fellow, and scholar. Volume V (Paris 1953, 436 pp. $2) lists nearly 1,900 fellowship programs, with a total of 43,000 opportunities for foreign study in ninety-four countries and territories, or 28,000 more than five years ago. There is an increasing emphasis, UNESCO states, on awards for studies contributing to economic and social development, many being offered in connection with technical assistance programs.

The new volume also contains the first published results of a world review of foreign students enrolled in universities and institutions of higher learning. According to this survey, the United States draws more students from abroad than any other country: 30,000 every year. The State Department's Educational Exchange Service has sponsored 7,158 grants-in-aid for exchanges between the United States and seventy foreign countries during 1951; the Mutual Security Administration exchanged over 3,600 persons under its technical assistance program, and more than 1,000 additional persons in the fields of education, industry, agriculture, and public health. United Nations publications are distributed in the United States by the International Documents Service, Columbia University Press, 1960 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y.

—Arno G. Huth.

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The World

Continued from page 15

is the food potential of the world? How long after possible foods are used up will atomic and solar energy fulfil man's needs? Where will industry obtain its raw materials in the future? Dr. Brown brings to all such matters the gift of a fresh eye and an untrammeled curiosity, calling upon a variety of yardsticks, including geochemistry, geopolitics, and ideology.

Most extreme are the conclusions he reaches at the end. He proposes a system by which the state will control the number of births according to the death rate: "If the birth rate exceeds the death rate, the number of permitted inseminations is decreased, and the number of permitted abortions is increased." And vice versa.

Further: "Control of aids to conception and of abortions could also provide a mechanism for slowing down the deterioration processes . . . Priorities for artificial insemination could be given to healthy women of high intelligence . . . Conversely, priorities for abortions could be given to less intelligent persons of biologically unsound stock."

Oh, brave new world!

Parliament's Processes

BRITISH POLITICAL PARTIES: American political scientists frequently have urged the United States to copy various British political institutions in order to overcome some of the obvious difficulties which are demonstrated in Washington from time to time. The two-party system of the two democracies closely parallel each other, however, so that in this field there is little to imitate.

Ivor Bulmer-Thomas, a former Labor Party member of Parliament who became a Conservative, a former cabinet member now back in his profession of journalism, has added to his list of books a competent, descriptive work, **"The Party System in Great Britain"** (Macmillan, $5). Following a presentation of the historical background of the major parties, Bulmer-Thomas explains in considerable detail present party structure, various related organizations, and party relationships with the press and religious groups.

While the descriptive material certainly fills a gap in the literature, the book contains a minimum discussion of the dynamics of British politics. There is, however, an excellent defense of the two-party system.

—R. R. Hackford.

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IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE

LOOKING back to their schooldays everyone remembers that the middle of March brought to its lowest point that long stretch of time between the Christmas holidays and Easter. The winter sports are over, weekends in the country and summer holidays seem centuries away. This is the time when, in the public libraries and everywhere else, the children seek something new and exciting in their books. Knowing this from long experience we opened each new book as it came to our desk seeking for them new horizons and new adventure. We remembered the thrill of opening nearly two years ago a bundle of galleys and in ten minutes being completely lost in the adventures of "Big Tiger and Christian." It is once in a blue moon that a story as good as this is published. But we are hopeful. What we found for this March issue does not measure up, but there is enough here to give the little boys and girls and their older brothers and sisters something fresh and new and truly entertaining. It is early yet in the spring season. We shall keep on searching. —MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE DRAWBRIDGE GATE. Written and illustrated by Cynthia Harnett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 250 *pp.* $3.

This is the sort of story we have been looking for—a vigorous adventure story told against an unfamiliar but thoroughly convincing background, swift in action, and peopled with varied and interesting characters. The scene is fifteenth-century London, and one of the characters is none other than Dick Whittington, "Thrice Lord Mayor of London." Many years have passed since Dick sat on a stone on Highgate Hill and heard the Bow Bells call him back to London town. Richard Whittington is sixty now, "unassuming in manner and in dress . . . he was clean-shaven, and he wore his hair short and brushed back from his forehead beneath his roundlet cap. His face was furrowed with many wrinkles. In repose it looked aged by a thousand cares. But when he smiled it lit up. His dark eyes shone, and he radiated merriment and perpetual youth." He was a man of great influence, head of the powerful Mercers' Guild and friend and advisor to King Henry the Fifth. Another interesting character is his cat, Madame Eglantine. The hero of our story is Dickon Sherwood, who lives with his uncle, head of the Grocers' Guild, and Dickon's brother and sister in the very center of old London town. In those days there was constant battle between the apprentices of the different guilds. Dickon had always stood for the Grocers' Guild and when Richard Whittington, who was his godfather, apprenticed him to the Mercers' Guild trouble was sure to come. As the story progresses we learn that Dickon had a mission to perform in the Mercers' Guild, a mission that brought him many adventures culminating on a night at the Drawbridge Gate. In the end he helped to expose the plot to kill Henry the Fifth and put the bogus Richard the Second in his place. It is an exciting and engrossing story. The action never falters. The characters are unfailingly interesting and convincing. It is lit with humor, and the background of London in Dick Whittington's day is amazingly detailed and clear. It ends with a triumphant entry of Henry the Fifth into London after the battle of Agincourt. Girls will like it because Dickon's sister, Nan, is as unpredictable and fearless as Dickon is, himself. Cynthia Harnett's drawings illuminate the story. Authentic in every detail, they give a valuable picture of fifteenth-century life in England.

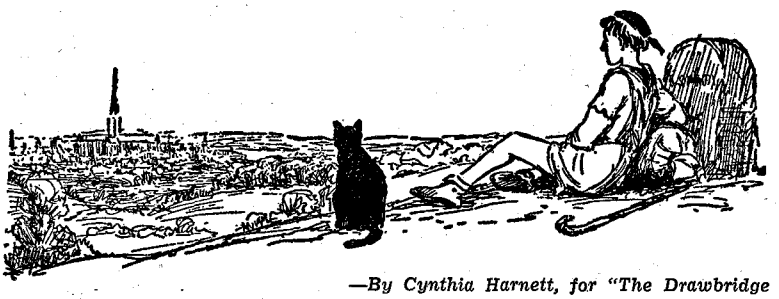
GO, TEAM, GO! By John R. Tunis. New York: William Morrow & Co., Inc. 215 *pp.* $2.75.

There will never be another Ralph Henry Barbour in the field of junior sports stories, but John R. Tunis is worthy to carry the ball in his place. Mr. Tunis has written many fine books and this one matches any of them. It is more than a top-notch basketball yarn; it is permeated with character development, not the preachy kind but the realistic sort of thing boys love. It has the rare quality of being as exciting off the floor as in the midst of a championship game. It is basketball all the way, yet with the difference that the State champions won their greatest battle on the bench. How that battle was fought by everyone in town—especially by Coach Hooks Barnum, yell leader Mary Jo, and Little Tom—makes a story in which sport and the best kind of sportsmanship produce a very high-level narrative.

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.

THE LOUDEST NOISE IN THE WORLD. By Benjamin Elkin. Illustrated by James Daugherty. New York: Viking Press. 64 *pp.* $2.50.

Not only the children will laugh long and loud over this delightfully absurd story. Their elders, too, will chuckle over it and over James Daugherty's vigorous, robust drawings. Hub-Bub was the noisiest of cities. Even the ducks quacked loudest there, but it wasn't noisy enough for Prince Hulla-Baloo, who requested the king, his father, to give him for his sixth birthday the loudest noise in the world. With great trouble and through thousands of messengers the king arranged that at a certain given time every man, woman, and child in the world would yell as loud as he or she could. The surprise that comes with the stated hour is completely convincing and very, very funny. Prince Hulla-Baloo was made perfectly happy by hearing for the first time in his life the song of the birds, the whisper of the wind, and the ripple of the water. It is difficult to find adequate words with which to describe the drawings. The Prince and his dog, the children of Hub-Bub, and the people all over the world receiving the king's message are extraordinarily vivid and amusing. One could study them for hours. The title page alone is fascinating. Every other page has its story to tell. This is sure to be



—By Cynthia Harnett, for "The Drawbridge Gate."

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as popular a picture book as James Daugherty's "Andy and the Lion."

THE WAR WHOOP OF THE WILY IROQUOIS. Story by Martha Keller. Pictures by Richard Powers. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. No paging. $2.

This is a very unusual book. It relates a true incident in our history told as one tells a folk-story with clear continuity and rhythmic wording. It tells of the Dexter family: John Dexter, his wife, Anne, and his children—Jim and little Sue. They live in a clearing in the forest in 1780. Then one day the Indians come. They hear in the woods the war whoop of the wily Iroquois. At the risk of her life Anne goes to the spring to get the water they must have. Then they barricade themselves inside the cabin while Indian arrows and Indian bullets thud against the long wall. The climax comes when the Indians go to set fire to the shed where John keeps his seed. Cautiously John opens the door and finds the bodies of three dead Indians that he, himself, has shot. Quickly he takes from them their powder horns and bullets. Again he shuts and bolts the door. Again the guns roar. Again they hear the war whoop of the wily Iroquois. At the end of a long day there is a sudden silence outside and far off they hear a welcome voice. "Hello," it calls. "Anybody left alive at the Dexter cabin?" It is the men from the fort and they have driven the Indians away. The drawings that illustrate this story are original and interesting. One can never tell what children will make of an artist's work. They accept without question and with obvious pleasure the work of a distinguished artist like Jean Charlot. They spend a precious hour poring over the crude drawings in the Sunday newspaper. Far be it from us to say what their verdict will be on Richard Powers's pictures. We can only wait and see.

HOOSIER HERITAGE. By Elizabeth Hamilton Friermood. Illustrated by Robert Hallock. New York: Doubleday & Company. 221 *pp.* $2.75.

This is the love story of Julia Edwards, who lived in Indiana on the banks of the Wabash a good many years ago. Julia's first love affair was with Wingo Godfroy, a handsome full-blooded Miami Indian boy who was utterly unworthy. Julia agreed to marry him and defended him defiantly against the objections of her people. The affair was brought to an end by Julia's father, who decided to take his family, including two other daughters and their husbands, from

—By Richard Powers, for "The War Whoop of the Wily Iroquois."

Indiana to Kansas, where they would find a richer soil. To Julia it was the end of the world. She had begun to doubt Wingo but it broke her heart to leave the Wabash country and her beloved river. Halfway on that long overland journey the family stopped at the little frontier town of Lebanon in the Ozark Mountains. There, partly through the tragedy of little Sue's death, Mary Ann and Lem, her husband, broke away from the stern discipline of Mr. Edwards and decided to stay in Lebanon and make their home there, and Julia decided to stay with them. It was there in Lebanon that Julia met the man she was destined to marry. Sam Boots was a vigorous, ambitious young doctor who had decided to give his brain and heart and hands to the service of the Ozark people. Seeing Julia sitting in the firelight in Lem's cabin washing and dressing Mary Ann's newborn baby, he fell in love with her. Julia was much attracted to him but still felt pledged to Wingo. After a strenuous winter teaching in a little district school, happy in her work and becoming more and more a part of the frontier life, Julia went back to Grandma Edwards's farm and, as she thought, to Wingo, torn by divided loyalties and uncertain of the future. It was Wingo, himself, who solved the problem by marrying hastily Birdie, the Indian girl who worked for Grandma Edwards. This left Julia free. Proudly conscious of her Hoosier heritage and yet drawn irresistibly to Sam and life in the Ozarks, she went back to Lebanon. We leave her standing with Sam on the hillside where they are to build their home, looking off into a bright future. This is not only a love story. It is a character sketch of a warm-hearted, impulsive girl who, bewildered by emotions that conflicted with one another, found peace and happiness with a man whom she truly loved. Miss Friermood is the author of "The Wabash Knows the Secret."

BIGITY ANNE. By Helen F. Daringer. Illustrated by Don Sibley. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 177 *pp.* $2.50.

While not quite as interesting as some of Helen Daringer's earlier books, this one introduces a heroine that girls will find as lifelike and endearing as Jane or Sally or Debbie—characters who lived in the books that preceded this one. Anne Todd's mother was dead. Her father was building a bridge in Ecuador. Anne, her two little brothers, and her small sister were left in the care of Mrs. Malet, the housekeeper. Then Mrs. Malet's daughter became ill in a distant city and she was obliged to go to her. The substitute housekeeper, Mrs. Lloyd, turned out to be everything that was wrong. She was lazy, quick-tempered, and impatient. She made it so hard for the two boys and for Jodie that Anne in one dramatic moment dismissed her from their service, facing alone the management of the house and the care of the children. No one could have foreseen the problems that Anne found waiting for her. Mrs. Lloyd in revenge wrote a letter to the local court accusing the Todd children of all sorts of misdemeanors. Determined to defend themselves all four of them went to the local courthouse and asked to see the judge. The scene is half humor, half pathos. They tell their side of the story to Judge Neal. Luckily, he is an understanding and kindly man and, when the children have cleared themselves, proves to be their best friend. Finally, Mrs. Malet returns and peace and order descend on the household. In the end the father, too, returns.

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Fiction

Continued from page 20

to organize and unionize the ignorant and exploited laborers of the Island; and Natalie, the butterfly, who lives for pleasure but who, because she is also generous and kind-hearted and a rich young widow, is able to help her parents and others materially. When the three come for their cataclysmic visit old Lally is called from retirement to nurse the second generation of her children."

Mr. Allfrey is sometimes hard put to keep the events of the narrative logically in Lally's scope, since it requires an omniscience and an omnipresence which are occasionally difficult to maneuver, but she manages to make Lally so consistently alert and attentive in her love and in her love's near-second sight that the reader does not cavil too much at the device. There is, it must be admitted, a certain incredible ethical disregard by the authorities (not to mention by some of the people intimately involved) of Mr. Lilipoulala's obvious murder, but this is glossed over in Lally's devotedly partisan account.

"The Orchid House" has great charm and atmosphere, and the character of Lally herself is moving and memorable. The author's distinction of style, the poignance and simplicity of Lally's telling of the story overcome to a large extent the occasional weaknesses of the plot. It is a first novel of considerable accomplishment and promise.

Notes

GULF-PORT EXPLOSIVES: By the numbers, Robert F. Mirvish now stands three novels for the past twelve months, with the promise of a fourth for fall. This is a formidable speed rate. Not that the quality is up to the quantity. His first novel about a prostitute in a Venezuelan port, a second about violence aboard an oil tanker at sea, and the current one about a svelte Indian prostitute (reformed) in a Texas gulf port are *not* so deep as the ocean.

In **"Texana"** (Sloane, $3.50) we get a strangely antiseptic tale despite the unwavering spotlight on sex. At the opening we meet a beauteous brothel alumna named Nilsa. She is manager and entertainer at a waterfront saloon owned by an aging madam named Mamie. Now married to a shadowy little figure called "No-Shoulders Harry," Nilsa yields to the mesmeric spell of her first husband when he is in port and carries on a more conventional affair with the burly longshoreman who is her business partner. That First Husband and Business Partner will finally meet head-on is telegraphed miles ahead of the main event. That colorful Mamie will emit profane, homely philosophy from time to time is equally certain. That the author is desperate for a way to bring mild conflicts into exciting resolution is revealed by the climactic device of blowing up a couple of ships and most of the town. Commenting upon the havoc he has wrought, Mr. Mirvish wonderingly remarks: "The spectators, even those six or seven hundred feet away from the dockhead, disappeared in a pall of smoke and few, if any, were ever seen again . . . It had been a terrible catastrophe on a scale never before heard of in a city of that size."

As a parting shot for Texans: " 'We took the boots off our men too fast, and put shoes on our women too soon,' Mamie said. 'That's the only thing wrong with this whole goddam state'." It's a wistful lament in which Mamie's creator seems to concur.

—James Kelly.

VICTORIAN VICTIMS: "The Naked Risk" (Doubleday, $3.95) is Phyllis Gordon Demarest's fictional reconstruction of a mid-nineteenth-century crime of passion: the murder of *New York Tribune* correspondent Albert Deane Richardson. Richardson was mowed down (on the second try) by a hard-drinking lawyer named Daniel McFarland, who objected to the newspaperman's interest in the ex-Mrs. McFarland. Miss Demarest has assembled the facts of this once gaudy case with a loving attention to historical minutiae that has mixed results. To the author's credit, the background of New York in the gaslit 1860's has a solidly authentic ring. But on the debit side, the excessive detailing of the Richardson-McFarland triangle's relationships often drags the pace of the novel down to a slow crawl. There seems to have been enough drama inherent in the bare bones of Miss Demarest's story for her to have profitably cut down on some of its avoirdupois. "The Naked Risk," once you have accustomed yourself to its slow-moving gait, affords an interesting view of some ancient roguery. Of the unhappy trio it is the frenetic grog-hound, McFarland, who most nearly assumes a three-dimensional aspect. In spite of his less than sterling character, he manages to enlist a sizable portion of the reader's sympathies. Abby McFarland's stuffed-shirtwaist personality is so icily self-righteous that her husband's passion for the demon *schnapps* seems entirely understandable.

—Martin Levin.

Biography

Continued from page 13

to have a special attraction for writers of the female sex.

Mrs. Bowen has called it the "narrative" method, Madeleine B. Stern, the "chronological" or "biography-in-present-tense" technique. The method is fictional in that it permits the use of manufactured quotations and imagined details. It is also intuitive—Mrs. Bowen, in writing "John Adams and the American Revolution," surrounded herself with pictures of her hero for inspirational purposes, and consciously sought for a "plot" around which to develop her story. Books of this type are also pervaded by psychology, the subject's thoughts and inner feelings receive great stress, though they are usually not Freudian in their orientation. Finally, much emphasis is placed upon minute description of the scene. Almost incredible labor is often expended in the presentation of the pettiest details. Thus Mrs. Tharp writes of Horace Mann emerging from the Exchange Coffee House in Boston on January 7, 1829, and buttoning his greatcoat before climbing Beacon Hill to attend his first meeting of the state legislature. An elaborate footnote, based on the study of Mann's financial records, is offered to "prove" that he was probably wearing his greatcoat because, of his two overcoats, the greatcoat was the newer, and therefore more suitable for this important occasion.

The opening lines of Miss Stern's "The Life of Margaret Fuller" illustrate most of the techniques of this school in capsule form:

> Timothy Fuller tucked the *Columbian Centinel* under the arm of his greatcoat and glanced at the date [*sic*] to be sure the news was the most recent: May 23, 1810. Suddenly it seemed to him as if it might be a memorable day.

Similarly, Katharine Anthony's life of Dolly Madison begins with an elaborate description of Dolly walking to school. The birds are described as they flutter from branch to branch, the child's dress is carefully pictured, and so are her thoughts as they pass through her nine-year-old cortex.

The great mass of "conservative" biographers, who are largely academicians, have eschewed most of the techniques described above, but some of them have tackled the question of personality. In enumerating the three qualities of great biography Allan Nevins has placed first the ability "to re-create [the] central character in a way which will give us a sense of

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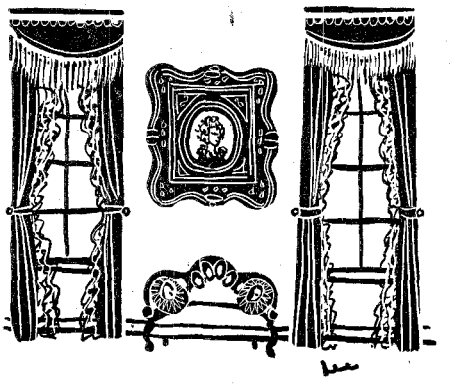
rounded reality." In another instance Nevins has said of biography: "Its best examples lay bare the man's inner soul and explain the motives back of human action." Yet Nevins believes that this can be done through conventional historical methods—by copious use of letters and anecdotes, careful delineation of social and economic backgrounds.

The scholar, generally speaking, has not objected to the *aim* of those biographers who have used non-historical techniques, but he has taken exception to the techniques themselves and to the historical distortions they have produced. Perhaps the most outspoken critic has been Bernard DeVoto. The use of the methods of fiction is out of place in biography, he wrote in 1933. "Biography is different from imaginative literature in that readers come to it primarily in search of information." DeVoto even argued that "literary people should not be permitted to write biography," since they are primarily interested in creating an illusion.

THE "intuitive" writers have also been scorned by "conservatives." Allan Nevins has said that Maurois' biographies are "hardly more nourishing than ginger ale," and that Maurois has been guilty of "substituting cleverness for profundity." He has bewailed the freedom with which others of this school have resorted to conjecture, and has caught them contradicting not only the facts but themselves. Other critics have deplored the glibness, presumption, and carelessness of these writers, and attacked their emphasis on "the man" as a cheap means of disguising their lack of knowledge of history.

But the big guns of the critics have been trained on the "psychoanalysts." Even writers of fiction have attacked them. John Galsworthy, in a lecture at Oxford in 1931 on "The Creation of Character in Literature," commented that the biographer should be "infinitely more concerned with his [subject's] conscious than his unconscious mind." Stephen Vincent Benét once parodied the way in which psychological biographers distorted the family lives of their subjects:

> And as for the poor devil's really loving [his wife]—well, I know that every authentic utterance of his on the subject says he did, and there are those dedications of his books that sound fairly sincere. But honestly, he simply hated her all the time . . . Don't you realize that his unconscious portrait of her as the degenerate scrubwoman with leprosy in chapter four of "Wedded and Wooed" represents his real feelings toward her?



To the criticisms of the creative writers have been added those of the historians. DeVoto has flayed even the relatively moderate claims of Freud's "Leonardo Da Vinci," which he called "absolute bilge uncontaminated by the slightest perceptible filtrate of reality." Professor Wilbur C. Abbott, speaking before the Massachusetts Historical Society, once denounced these biographies, with "their sex nonsense and their ridiculous reconstruction of their characters' psychology." And Phillip Guedalla, ever ready with a flood of clever epigrams, wrote of "the familiar cake iced thinly with a little mental slang imported from Vienna," and called psychoanalytical biography "one half of something we all know before, and . . . the other half of something which is not so."

Less vehement writers have not entirely discounted the possibilities of psychoanalysis, but have offered a line of criticism that is hard to refute. Only by free association can the "symbolism" of a personality be understood, and dead men cannot be tested in this way. No method of standardizing the meaning of actions and experiences has been offered by the psychologists. And the fact that the analyst can interpret any event as having one meaning, or by inversion its opposite, undermines the soundness of the result. "So long as any symbol can be translated into any other symbol from the subject's past, so long the psychoanalyst may roam at will." When one considers that Harry Elmer Barnes (in a single article!) explained that Hamilton was an authoritarian personality because he had no father and that Jefferson was the opposite type also because he had lost his father while still a youth, the force of this criticism becomes clear.

Professional historians and other "conservative" biographers have not attacked those who emphasize the background and small details of environment to give an appearance of realism except when they have advanced beyond the bounds of historical evidence and manufactured the details wholesale. For the writer who has dug up contemporary background material and used it imaginatively, in the manner of Francis Parkman, perhaps the most universally praised of American historians, the professional critics have had no complaint. Similarly, they have not objected to "debunking" when it has meant the deflating of false reputations or the uncovering of new evidence. The methods of writers like Mrs. Bowen have met with a mixed reception from the "conservatives"; they have mingled an appreciation of their conscientious research and lively presentation with skepticism.

The trouble with the "conservatives" is not that their criticisms are wrong. But their own approach is too often negative, partly because of the difficulty of the problem, but chiefly because so many of them do not seem to be aware that a problem exists. They say in effect: "Biography is merely a special form of history." They concentrate on career, ignoring character, or, at best, adopt the "method" of the eighteenth-century clergyman William Mason, who wrote in his life of the poet Gray: "If any reader should . . . want his character, I will give him one, which was published very soon after Mr. Gray's decease. It appears to be well written, and as it comes from an anonymous pen, I chuse rather to insert it, as it will on that account be less suspect of partiality."

Devastating attacks have been launched at "conservative" biographers who fail to describe character. Both Leslie Stephen, editor of the British "Dictionary of National Biography," and Allen Johnson, editor of the "Dictionary of American Biography," two men who had a tremendous amount of experience with the type, have lashed out bitterly against it. Stephen was heard by his successor, Sidney Lee, to "groan for hours over the verbosity and blindness of biographers," while Johnson, in an article in the *Yale Review*, complained of writers who treated their subjects as automatons. They hastily sketch in the individual's background, Johnson wrote, and then "joyously transport the inchoate statesman as speedily as may be into the national arena, where he will shape the course of empire."

LONG before the development of psychoanalysis, debunking, and other "modern" schools of life writing, the dulness, verbosity, clumsiness, and lack of insight of the average biography had been noted and condemned. John Foster, a nineteenth-century English critic, complained of the low literary qualities and poor organization of most lives. "From the way in which this class of works is very commonly executed, we might be

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tempted to conclude that all such laws [of good writing] are inapplicable, or suspended, or abrogated," he wrote. "Whatever subject is taken for a memoir, everything relating to it is considered worth telling, even down to the fate of a wig or a gold-headed cane." Or consider Carlyle's comment on Thomas Moore's life of Byron:

> A mass of materials is collected, and the building proceeds apace. Stone is laid on top of stone, just as it comes to hand; a trowel or two of biographic mortar, if perfectly convenient, being spread in here and there . . . and so the strangest pile suddenly arises, amorphous, pointing every way but to the zenith . . . You leave it standing to posterity, like some miniature Stonehenge, a perfect architectural enigma.

The argument has been advanced that a biography based on sound research, a book that refuses to compromise with the complexities of the life it portrays, that avoids glib generalizations and easy oversimplifications, can never be easy to read, never be a work of art. "The general public," Francis Hackett once pontificated, "could not possibly read good professional history . . . Absolutely professional history, of the best scientific kind is, and ought to be, practically unreadable." A top-notch scholar "ought not to be asked to be a middleman."

But this is merely the argument of the "middleman" who fears the competition of direct selling by the "manufacturer." Enough good biographies have been written by scholars who are also literary artists with a particular understanding of the problems of biography to prove that "professional" studies are not necessarily "unreadable." Benjamin Thomas's recent life of Lincoln, combining exhaustive research with controlled imagination and a fluent style, is a good example of fine biography devoid of special tricks. Marquis James's "Andrew Jackson" also joins a detailed study of the sources with a graceful pen and an awareness of the importance of character. Henry S. Commager's "Theodore Parker" and Tyler Dennett's "John Hay" (to select two equally outstanding yet quite different illustrations) offer additional proof of the fact that scholars can write biographies capable of arousing critical appreciation and popular acclaim at the same time.

Indeed, the "conservative" biography remains the best hope for the future. But the careful scholar who scorns the *methods* of those who pursue personality through fiction, intuition, psychoanalysis, and the like, must not forget that the *goal* they pursue is also his goal.

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PERSONALS

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ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, etc., $1 each. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

BINOCULARS. All kinds, from Museum Curator who is professional user. Postpaid. Bartlett Hendricks, Box 50-B, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

MAN TEACHER, 23, European background, fluent German, interested arts. Typing. Wants interesting job. Box S-98.

CARNEGIE HALL STUDIO—Furnished, spacious, quiet, for writers, recordings, cultured groups. PLaza 7-1173 (12-2 P.M.).

S.O.S.—Experienced homemaker needed by young lawyer residing in Long Island for 3 motherless children ages 3 to 6. Long-term position in pleasant home. Good salary for warm-hearted, intelligent, cheerful woman, under 45, who wants to work creatively with children. Box S-97.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT—a stimulus or inhibitor of learning? Gentleman author seeks literate, interested collaborator. Box S-96.

PERSONALS

COLLEGE SCIENCE Professor, single, male, wishes position traveling Europe, Asia, Africa. Box S-189.

MALE, University Graduate, varied foreign experience, seeks position, Paris, with time for study Sorbonne. Box S-190.

COUPLE Europe-bound, summer; English teacher, art history student. Desire any position. Box S-100.

YALE '56, anti-Navy, wishes to see world. Summer. Box S-202.

SMALL FRY LOVE GRANNY GUINN'S weekly letters, and spring is the perfect time for her to begin writing your favorite youngsters about her real Virginia farm. Four to 8-year-old crow over farm surprises tucked in every other letter. Gift card with first letter. Letters are 6 for $1; 13, $2; 26, $4. Send check or money order to Granny Guinn, RFD #2, Culpeper, Va.

MUSIC ARRANGED, Composed, Orchestrated, Edited. Herb Ostrow, 315 West 57 St., NYC 19. Circle 5-7473.

"SHAW SPEAKS ON WAR" in current "Shavian"; 50¢ or by annual membership $2: Shaw Society, 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

FRENCH-SPEAKING MALE, medical student, desires travel Europe this summer in return for services. Box S-199.

RELAX ON YOUR TRIP! Capable college woman graduate, multilingual, widely traveled, teacher's certificate, secretarial skills, will act as your companion, secretary, tutor. Box S-197.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES on stationery, playing cards, etc. Did you see TIFFT'S ad on page 40 in the issue of February 27?

LINGUAPHONE SET wanted, Spanish or French, used, good condition. Box S-196.

LADY, expert homemaker, educated, worldly-wise, excellent companion, wishes position 1-2 adults refined country home anywhere. Box S-99.

MALE LAW STUDENT desires summer position traveling abroad. Box S-198.

TRADE BOOK PUBLISHER has challenging opening for a department head or executive with thorough knowledge of at least two of the following departments: SALES, PROMOTION, EDITORIAL, PRODUCTION, and a working knowledge of others. Age 35-50. Full details in first letter, please. Reply to Box S-192.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

PLAINFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS. Charming old house fully restored. 7 rooms, modern kitchen, 2 bathrooms, 2 fireplaces, cement cellar, oil furnace, artesian well, 2-car garage, about 5 acres, shade trees. $19,000. Box S-94.

NEW HAMPSHIRE real log house—new, 3 rooms, beautifully finished, modern, field stone fireplace, furnace, 12 acres very handsome pine woods along important highway; built for owner's use. Bargain, $9,500. Box S-206.

NEW HAMPSHIRE farmhouse, 3 miles from village, remodeled by artist; modern, 5 rooms, 2 fireplaces, barn, 40 acres fields and woodland; long, beautiful water frontage; fishing, hunting, bathing, cool summers. $22,000. Box S-205.

CITY CONVENIENCES, Country Charm. Mountain valley, west central Maine. Paved side street, outskirts neighborly village. Furnished, modernized 5-bedroom home, 2 baths, public utilities, enclosed sun porch, garage, 12-acre backyard to trout brook. Separate 90-acre hilltop wood lot, main paved highway, 30 apple trees, splendid view. Retired couple moving, $9,000 complete. Box S-191.

For Summer Rental

FIRE ISLAND—Opposite Patchogue. Ocean front. Living room, fireplace, kitchen, bath, 2 bedrooms. Sleeps 8. Memorial Day through Labor Day. Longer if desired. Box S-61.

WILTON, CONNECTICUT, May 1-September 7. 8-room secluded house, studio full of books, records, 10 minutes beach; the works in electrical equipment; 2 cars available. Not cheap. Capital 7-2148.

MAINE COAST, on island with utilities, summer cottage—spacious, convenient, sightly. Rent $800. Box S-186.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

SOUTHERN VERMONT VILLAGE—Attractively furnished white Victorian house on maple-bordered street; 5 bedrooms, electricity, phone, furnace, modern kitchen, bath, fireplaces, covered marble terrace, books, piano. Stroll to churches, school, grocery, sugar woods, mountain, trout streams. Car necessary for nearby golf, tennis, ski areas, art exhibits, little theater. $750 in advance plus utilities June through September, $1,200 full year. Box S-207.

NOT A DUDE RANCH. Two retired teachers will rent modern guest house, Chiricahua Mountains, to couple. Magnificent scenery and climate. Particularly attractive to writers, artists, naturalists. $75 monthly. Elsie Toles, Portal, Arizona.

TROPICAL MOUNTAIN VILLAGE near Mexico City; 2 furnished bungalows, $50 monthly. Box S-195.

TRAVEL

TRAVEL FOR CREDIT, origins of New England. Enjoy seashore, countryside, mountains. 3 hours credit Boston University. June 28-July 9. ARNOLD TOURS, 234 Clarendon, Boston, Mass.

A NEW YORK HOTEL specializing in friendliness, comfort, service. Towering 26 stories into the sky. 400 sunny outside rooms overlooking the buildings and gardens of United Nations. On exclusive, historic Beekman Hill. Many of our discriminating guests say, "There is no better hotel value in New York." Transportation at door to entire city. If you come BY AUTO: at 49 St. exit East River Drive . . . Garage adjacent. BY PLANE: 9 blocks on same Avenue from New Airlines Terminal. BY TRAIN: 9 blocks to Grand Central Station. Single $4-$8. Double $8-$12. Suites $12-$22 (some with terraces). Permanent residents invited. Restaurant-Coffee Shop. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. overlooking East River, NYC.

EXPLORE EUROPE by private car with a former European diplomat, now American educator. 8 countries, 32 days, $700. Ocean passage arranged individually. PROF. V. MARES, Box 236, State College, Pa.

BUDGET TOUR: Visit Europe, Scandinavia for 82 days. June 25 to September 15. Simmons' Tour price $1,125 includes meals, hotels, tips, sightseeing, transportation. Trip for business people, professors, students. Assistant leader: Hunter College faculty member. Write Box S-200.

VACATIONS

TENSION vanishes in timelessness of sea and sun. The SEAFOAM APARTMENTS of Holiday Isles proffer comfortable, informal vacation quarters on Gulf front. Moderate rates. 14810 Gulf Blvd., Madeira Beach 8, Florida.

CAMPBELL HOUSE—swimming, trips, meals included. 801 Lake St., RENO, NEVADA.

COLONIAL CHARM—luscious food; casual, intimate, midst woods with trout stream. Swimming, horses, golf nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species). Flora-loving, fauna-loving, sea-loving, beauty-loving, peace-loving, food-loving types welcome. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine (10 miles of sea!). Booklet.

SOPHISTICATION in the country. Catering to guests who enjoy Southern cuisine and comfortable accommodations. Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner. Virginia Graham, Ring Cornwall 14-13.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

WINTER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Crystal splendor. Roaring fires. Skiing. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1043

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To separate by washing with some solvent.	62 98 15 160 147 166 50 151 29
B. Shinto temple; a *sha*.	128 44 35 152 96 164 4
C. Book in which "Three Blind Mice" first appeared, 1609.	124 169 113 67 80 48 149 145 17 97 / 86 58
D. Implanted by nature.	175 123 165 110 56 64
E. Extensive hard-surfaced area in front of a hangar.	153 55 26 7 139
F. Able to escape infection.	65 136 120 69 59 31 81 100 132
G. How the young lover's heart is severed (2 wds.).	122 5 38 85 163
H. Scolding in harsh, insolent, vituperative language; railing.	116 60 119 141 107 34 47 129
I. What "flowered" in a popular novel by Charles Major, 1898.	133 170 21 140 88 171 10 90 42 37
J. Make raisins of (grapes).	32 68 93 40 76 108 94 176 66
K. How Shelley described that "maiden with white fire laden whom mortals call the moon."	144 178 89 36 70
L. What they call ates in the Philippines.	142 28 14 11 130 51 177 43

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Often drunk at dinner, burned at breakfast.	114 75 72 24 134
N. Authoritative, peremptory command.	102 131 83 167 25 20 135
O. The point of the celestial sphere from which the solar system is moving.	125 2 143 63 109 57 91
P. What Thomas Hood says one will do if he goes to France knowing no French.	158 49 16 27 104 9
Q. American born of Japanese parents in the U.S., but educated in Japan.	73 138 61 148 106
R. Platform; dais.	74 12 78 173 103 84 159
S. Most quick and neat in action.	18 156 162 71 172 45 99
T. A nunbird.	118 22 161 82 46 13
U. Unprotected from (2 wds.).	117 111 53 3 77 112
V. That which sustains.	30 154 157 8 115
W. Ancient method of punishment by exposure in a pillory.	87 179 33 121 39 150 19 54 95
X. Tending towards a desirable end.	146 23 105 127 174 168
Y. Specifying flour from the entire kernel (comp.).	155 126 1 137 92 52 79 6 101 41

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 Y	2 O	■	3 U	4 B	5 G	6 Y	■	7 E	8 V	■	9 P	10 I	11 L	12 R	13 T	■				
14 L	15 A	16 P	17 C	18 S	19 W	20 N	21 I	22 T	23 X	24 M	■	25 N	26 E	27 P	■	28 L				
29 A	■	30 V	31 F	32 J	33 W	34 H	35 B	36 K	37 I	■	38 G	39 W	■	40 J	41 Y	42 I				
43 L	■	44 B	45 S	■	46 T	47 H	48 C	49 P	■	50 A	51 L	■	52 Y	53 U	■	54 W				
55 E	56 D	57 O	58 C	59 F	■	60 H	■	61 Q	62 A	63 O	64 D	65 F	66 J	67 C	■	68 J				
69 F	70 K	■	71 S	72 M	73 Q	74 R	■	75 M	76 J	77 U	■	78 R	79 Y	80 C	■	81 F				
82 T	83 N	84 R	85 G	86 C	87 W	88 I	■	89 K	90 I	91 O	92 Y	93 J	■	94 J	■	95 W				
96 B	97 C	98 A	99 S	100 F	101 Y	102 N	103 R	104 P	■	105 X	106 Q	107 H	108 J	■	109 O	110 D				
111 U	■	112 U	113 C	114 M	■	115 V	116 H	117 U	118 T	■	119 H	120 F	121 W	122 G	123 D	124 C				
■	125 O	■	126 Y	127 X	128 B	129 H	130 L	131 N	132 F	133 I	■	134 M	135 N	136 F	137 Y	138 Q				
139 E	140 I	■	141 H	142 L	■	143 O	144 K	■	145 C	146 X	147 A	148 Q	■	149 C	150 W	■				
151 A	152 B	153 E	154 V	■	155 Y	156 S	■	157 V	158 P	159 R	■	160 A	161 T	■	162 S	163 G				
164 B	165 D	166 A	167 N	168 X	169 C	170 I	■	171 I	172 S	173 R	174 X	175 D	176 J	177 L	178 K	179 W				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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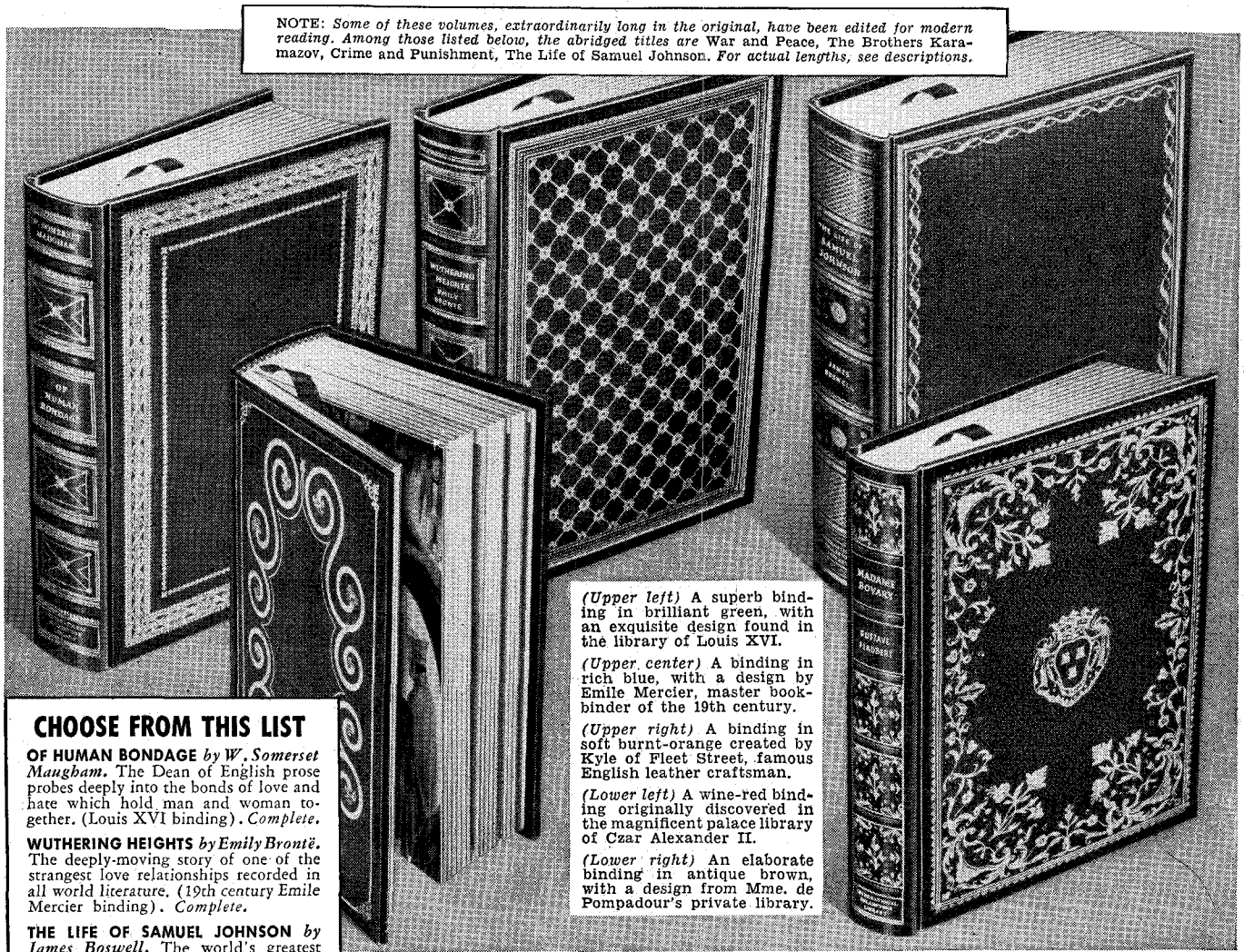

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(Upper center) A binding in rich blue, with a design by Emile Mercier, master bookbinder of the 19th century.

(Upper right) A binding in soft burnt-orange created by Kyle of Fleet Street, famous English leather craftsman.

(Lower left) A wine-red binding originally discovered in the magnificent palace library of Czar Alexander II.

(Lower right) An elaborate binding in antique brown, with a design from Mme. de Pompadour's private library.

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